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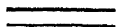
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BY VOYAGING

LANDLUBBERS

OF THE PAST

SELECTED & EDITED

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

August Mencken



1938 • ALFRED A. KNOPF • NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION

The usual books of travel by sea deal with the experience of sailors or of persons seeking high adventure. Storms, shipwrecks and the other perils and hazards of the deep are recounted at length, and much is often included that is intelligible to no one save professional sailors. In the selection of material for the present volume only the narratives of ordinary passengers, traveling in the best ships available at the time and place, have been included. They are arranged in the inverse order of their dates, with the most modern first. All detailed descriptions of storms and other such commonplaces have been omitted, and an effort has been made to show what everyday life at sea was before the days of the luxury liner. To the average landsman a great ship and its navigation are impenetrable mysteries and he makes little effort to investigate them. His interest is mainly in other things, and more particularly in those that affect directly his creature comforts, or furnish him amusement on the long, and usually quiet and lazy days of travel.

A number of the narratives that follow are of travel on the North Atlantic during the Nineteenth Century. It was during this time that the greatest changes were made in passenger travel,

and most of them were first seen on the Atlantic. Going back from the Nineteenth Century, the accounts written by actual passengers become increasingly rare, and nothing written before the Fifteenth Century has been found that could be called the narrative of a *bona fide* first-class passenger. But a number of amusing accounts of other travelers have been unearthed and two of them have been thrown in for good measure. One is Felix Fabri's story of his voyage to the Holy Land and the other is the story of Jonah from the Old Testament. Fabri was a pilgrim and did not travel first class, but he traveled in a first-class ship, and his account of life aboard is an accurate description of what a passenger of his day ordinarily experienced. In the story of Jonah is the first reference in the literature of the world to a passenger who actually paid his fare. Most of the older narratives are very meager, and about all that can be gathered from them is that life on the earliest ships was very much the same as life on a ship of the Fifteenth Century.

When man first built and ventured out in boats is not known. No doubt it was at a very remote date, for primitive *Homo sapiens* lived on the banks of rivers and on the shores of lakes and seas and thus probably learned in many cases to build boats before he learned to build houses. His first

craft, fashioned of the materials at hand, were crude, but as he learned from experience he used his new knowledge in their construction, and often they showed greater skill and ingenuity than anything he made on shore. Even today there is no structure on land that is as complex as a great ocean liner or that requires as wide a range of knowledge in its design.

The earliest boats were used in the usual tribal pursuits and it was not until trade with distant peoples had developed that cargo ships of any size were built. These are first heard of in the Mediterranean and by the first days of recorded history they had developed into a distinct class. They were broad beamed, full-bodied vessels, primarily built for carrying freight, and because of their liberal lines were known as round ships. A small crew manned them and they depended entirely on sail. Water and provisions were carried for long voyages, and weather permitting, cooking was done on board. They were the only sea-going ships of their day and they served their purpose so well that craft designed on their general lines were the principal passenger and cargo carriers until the development of the clipper ship. The larger ones were fitted with cabins which were only bare boxes, and the occasional passengers furnished their own bedding and cabin furniture.

The food, if provided by the ship, was meager and to a landsman uneatable. Most passengers brought their own and prepared it themselves unless by special arrangement they messed with one of the officers of the ship. Such was the custom at sea for long ages, and it was not entirely abandoned until the advent of the East Indiaman and the packet ship. A vestige still survives in the gifts of fruit and other delicacies sent by friends to passengers about to sail.

Before the vast expansion of navigation under the Portuguese in the Fifteenth Century all the shipping of the Western world was confined to the Mediterranean and the coast of Europe, with an occasional voyage down the west coast of Africa. Travel by sea was uncertain and hazardous and the discomforts on board ship were appalling. Piracy was a constant menace. The few who traveled as passengers were for the most part merchants; the rest were pilgrims, adventurers and an occasional fugitive.

After the circumnavigation of Africa, the establishment of settlements in the Far East and the discovery and settlement of America a class of people came into being who had interests in both the home land and the settlements and found it necessary to travel between them. The ships making these voyages were with few exceptions either

under government control or owned and operated by private companies having monopolies of the trade. Passenger travel was severely restricted during the first years, but as the settlements grew and the trade with them increased some of the restrictions were lessened and at the end of the Napoleonic wars most of the remaining ones were removed. The rapid growth of the United States, the rise of independence in the South American countries and the suppression of privateering and piracy were great stimulants to travel. Emigration to the new countries started on a vast scale and many of the emigrants returning home had money to pay for the best. An early form of traveling salesman began to frequent the ships. As traffic increased there was a growing demand for speed and comfort, and passengers were no longer willing, as in the past, to wait for weeks and even months for a ship.

To satisfy this demand American shipping men started the Black Ball Line of packets in 1816, with four well-built ships of about 500 tons each for service between England and America. They were designed expressly for passenger service and in consequence some thought was given to the passengers' comfort. The dining-saloon or cuddy was unusually long and wide, about 40 by 14 feet, with a table down the center, on both sides of which

were upholstered seats. Seven staterooms opened into the cuddy and each had a paneled door which gave the occupant complete privacy, a rare thing on board ship up to that time. A cow to furnish milk for the women and children was housed over the main hatch, and the long boat served as a pen for sheep and pigs, which were butchered as needed. Poultry was carried in coops.

This first line was shortly followed by others, and by 1830 many packets were sailing on regular schedules. The new ships were about the same size as the earlier ones, but a number of conveniences had been added. A bathroom was built on deck (the bath was merely a sluicing off with a bucket of water), a library was carried, the height of the cabins was increased to seven feet and they were enlarged so that some luggage could be stored in them. No smoking was permitted below decks. One company advertised that mattresses, bedding and wine were included in the fare of \$175. In 1835 the *Montezuma*, the first packet of as much as 1000 tons burden, was put into service, and in the same year steam tugs appeared in New York harbor.

As new ships were built more and more attention was given to the demands of the passengers for comfort. Elaborate decorations became the fashion and the saloons and cabins were finished

in rosewood, zebrawood, birdseye maple and satinwood, with white moldings picked out in gold. Deck houses, poop decks and topgallant fore-castles were added and later extended, so that eventually, in the early steamers, they met and formed an additional deck. The packet captains were all after speed records, and as faster and faster passages were made the public became interested in the race and made public characters of the captains. The increased importance of the passenger business brought about a change in the type of men commanding the ships. The rough, tyrannical and often brutal commanders of an earlier day were replaced with men who were polite and accommodating. Some of them, indeed, became famous for their courtly manners and natty dress.

In 1819 the *Savannah* proved that a steamship could cross the Atlantic, or, rather, that a sailing ship could carry a boiler and engine over, for in the entire voyage of 29 days and 2 hours she was under steam only 80 hours. But improvements in boilers and engines followed rapidly and steamers were running to the Mediterranean and even to India by 1838, when the *Great Western*, with a speed of eight knots, inaugurated a line of trans-Atlantic steamers that made the entire voyage under steam.

The *Britannia*, the first of the Cunarders, was

put into service in 1840. In her the officers' quarters were moved to the upper deck, which also provided room for the galley, bakery and cowhouse, and the lower deck was reserved entirely for passengers. To make fast voyages the steamship ran at full speed day and night, and to avoid collisions the Cunard Line in 1848 devised a system of running lights by which a green light was carried on the starboard side, a red light on the port side, and a white light at the masthead. This system was eventually adopted by all ships and is the one in use today.

The early steamers were built of wood and were actually only sailing ships fitted with boilers and engines. In rough weather they were racked by their engines, which constantly opened the deck seams and allowed water to run down into the passengers' quarters below. The noise of the machinery could be heard throughout the ship and the fumes from the hot animal oils with which the engines were lubricated came up from the engine-room and perfumed the cabins. There was a fear of fire and explosion in the traveling public's mind, and many people who considered the steamers dangerous continued to patronize sailing ships.

Vessels built of iron and driven by screw propellers were introduced about 1850. They had cabins in which there were only two berths in-

stead of the usual four or more, and the cabins were heated by steam. A smoking-room was provided. The vibrations from the propeller added a new discomfort for the unlucky passenger whose cabin or dining place happened to be near the stern. This had its effect in the design of subsequent ships, and the passenger quarters were gradually moved from the stern to midships.

On June 17, 1860 the *Great Eastern* sailed for New York. She was the first super-liner. In size, hull design and mechanical equipment she was far in advance of any ship of her day, but except for their spaciousness her passenger quarters were not greatly superior to those of other ships. There is always a certain formality attached to the large ships that is lacking on the smaller ones, and life aboard her was probably not as pleasant as on the regular liners.

During the years from 1850 to 1870 a new idea in travel was growing. Thomas Cook had conceived the plan of taking groups of people on conducted tours, and under his management a business developed whose purpose it was to make travel easier and cheaper for people of moderate means. In 1850 he had planned a trip to America for the purpose of organizing parties of Americans to visit the forthcoming exhibition in Hyde Park, London. Business detained him in England and his

visit was postponed, but his ideas on travel seem to have spread.¹ The extreme clipper *Nightingale* was built in America expressly to carry passengers on an excursion to the Hyde Park Exhibition, but her owners met with financial difficulties and the scheme failed.² Cook believed in advertising his ideas and as a consequence many of them were appropriated. There is little doubt that among them was the idea of a tour ship, for the first tour was organized shortly after a visit he made to America in 1866. This was the famous expedition of the *Quaker City* to the Holy Land, immortalized by Mark Twain in "The Innocents Abroad."

By 1870 the speed of ocean liners was more than double the eight knots of the *Great Western*. In that year the Guion liner *Arizona* crossed the Atlantic at an average speed of 17.3 knots and captured the blue ribbon. She was the first ship to be called an Atlantic Greyhound. In the same year the Inman Line equipped one of its ships, the *City of Berlin*, with a few electric lights.

Steel was replacing iron, and by 1880 was generally used in the construction of ships. Boilers and engines were being constantly improved and by the 90's most of the comforts and conveniences now found on ocean liners had been introduced.

¹ *The Business of Travel*, by W. Fraser Rae, London, 1891, p. 43.

² *American Clipper Ships*, by O. T. Howe & F. C. Matthews; Salem, Mass., 1927, Vol. 2, p. 426.

The passengers' quarters had become a separate and distinct part of the ship, operated like a first-class hotel ashore, and a passenger rarely had any experience that was not common to all voyagers and that had not been reported by a number of them before. Elevators, swimming pools, shooting galleries and gifte shoppes were still some years ahead, but life aboard ship was probably quite as pleasant as it is today.

Much of the material for a book of this kind must be taken from the books of authors who are long since dead. Some of them are well known and need no introduction, but a number are no longer generally remembered, and a few, except for their books, have left no trace. In all cases I have tried to include in the biographical sketches enough about each to give him some reality.

I am indebted to the staffs of the Enoch Pratt Free Library and the Peabody Library, both of Baltimore, for the valuable assistance they have given me in collecting the materials. I am indebted, too, to the late Mr. E. W. Howe for permission to use a portion of his book, "Travel Letters from New Zealand, Australia and Africa"; to Mr. Eugene F. Saxton of Harper & Brothers for permission to use the material from Mark Twain's "The Innocents Abroad"; to Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., for permission to use the selections

from the "Memoirs of William Hickey"; to A. C. McClurg & Co., for permission to use a part of "A World Pilgrimage," by John Henry Barrows, and to my brother H. L. Mencken, who has helped me generously and steered me over the whole course.

Baltimore, 1938.

A. M.

I

THE SPORTS COMMITTEE

I

THE SPORTS COMMITTEE

TIME	— 1913
PASSENGER	— E. W. Howe
VOYAGE	— From Adelaide, Australia, to Durban, South Africa.
SHIP	— The Anchises
SOURCE	— Travel Letters from New Zealand, Australia and Africa, by E. W. Howe; Topeka, Kansas, 1913, pp. 156-213.

On his retirement from the editorship of the Atchison (Kansas) *Globe* in 1911, E. W. Howe gave over half a dozen years to foreign travel. After making all the usual trips, including one around the world, he fared into less traveled waters, and in 1913 he and his niece, Miss Adelaide Howe, made the long voyage, here described, from Australia to South Africa, across the loneliest ocean on earth. For nearly twenty-five years after his retirement from daily journalism he published *E. W. Howe's Monthly*. He died October 3, 1937.

At four o'clock this afternoon, February 12, [1913] we walked to the [Adelaide] railroad station, and took a train for the Outer Harbor, to go on board the *Anchises*. The distance is fourteen

miles, and the train made so many stops that we did not get our first sight of the ship until an hour later. It was lying not a hundred yards from the station where we left the train, and we went aboard at once. . . . Most of the passengers had joined at Sydney or Melbourne, and looked us over critically as we walked up the gang-plank. I found I had a large room to myself, on the upper deck, and Adelaide had one just like it. . . .

Thursday, February 13. — When we awoke this morning, rain was falling, and a heavy sea running, but owing to the ship's unusual width, 60 feet, we did not mind the motion, and went down to breakfast in good humor. One of the stewards informs me that he has worked on many ships, and that the *Anchises* is the steadiest of them all. The weather is bad, but not many are seasick. . . . A lady at our table has five children and two nurses with her. "And," added her husband, "at sea, five are quite enough." These children are all boys, except one, and this girl is known as Tom, she is such a Tom-boy. The girl knows nothing about girls, and has never played with them, and the mother is rather glad of it; usually a Tom-boy humiliates a mother. . . . We are now in the great Australian Bight, which, on the map, makes Australia look upside down. The rough weather of the voyage is usually encountered in the Bight. . . .

Friday, February 14.—Rain fell again this morning, but the sea is smoother, and we have an excellent prospect of getting out of the Bight without serious trouble. After passing out we shall enter a section of the ocean where the air is said to be particularly pure and invigorating; it comes from the [South] Pole without contamination by land, and many old, nervous men come to take a whiff of it on the advice of physicians. . . . Every morning we are offered iced watermelon for breakfast. It is said to be an American idea, but I have never heard of it before. . . . Every passenger is assigned to a place in a lifeboat, in case of emergency. I think this is a new idea since the sinking of the *Titantic*. I found this notice in my room:

Important. — Your boat is No. 8, port. At your earliest convenience please make yourself acquainted with the position of your boat station. The boat station numbers are marked on the promenade deck rail, immediately below each boat, and your boat station is there. If the emergency arises, go to your boat station, and submit yourself to the orders of the man in charge.

Adelaide has been assigned to boat No. 2, port, so that in case of emergency we shall be separated; she might land on one island, and I on another. . . .

The *Anchises* is not fast; its run from noon on

Thursday to noon today was only 326 miles. The ship has one custom which is entirely new to me: the time is changed every time a watch goes off duty.

Monday, February 17. — The manner in which the male passengers on ships drink coffee in the smoking-room, after dinner, has been getting on my nerves; but just as I was working up a fine case of indignation, I found the custom did not prevail on the *Anchises*. On this ship those men who wish coffee after dinner drink it in the dining-room, and none is served in the smoking-room. You cannot realize how unusual this new rule is unless you have seen the smoking-rooms of many ships filled with men drinking coffee after dinner. I wonder the captain of the *Anchises* dared order the change, but I have not heard any complaints.

. . .

I believe this is the dullest trip I have ever undertaken, and almost scream with horror when I realize that I shall not see land for another thirteen days. Fortunately, we have not been seasick. But it is as dull on board as on a back street in a country town. Part of the passengers sit on one side of the main deck and part on the other, while some of them sit on the upper or boat deck. All of us walk about a good deal for exercise, and I think we tire of seeing each other go 'round and 'round.

One restless woman is going most of the time, and I often hear the others growl: "If that woman would only sit down!" I fear we shall engage in fist fights before we reach Durban.

Two highly respectable spinsters from Australia have attracted my attention. On deck and in the dining-room they are so well behaved that I marvel at them; but this afternoon they became desperate, and left their side of the deck and came over to our side. And at dinner tonight I saw the bolder one looking about the dining-room, hoping to see something to talk about. If these highly respectable women are becoming reckless at the end of six days, what will they be doing in thirteen days more?

A Sports Committee was organized today, to Keep Something Going On. But ship games are about as uninteresting as a Salvation Army street service. A subscription was taken up to raise money with which to buy prizes for the winners of the games, and I heard it hinted that the promoters expect others to do the giving. There was no great demand for sports, except in the minds of three or four men. It's a good deal that way on land when a celebration is held, or a new church built, or money raised for a Y.M.C.A. building. I predict that the Sports Committee will not greatly relieve the dullness. One of the games is a special

form of cricket arranged for the sea. A regular game of cricket is so dull that some of our most noted humorists have laughed at it, but sea cricket is much worse. . . .

I don't believe I look at the sea more than once a day; usually, when I get up in the morning, I look out the window, and remark that the sea is smoother or rougher than yesterday, but that is about all. I have never seen anything beautiful or unusual at sea, except one evening when on the *Sonoma* I was leaning over the rail forward, as the sun was setting. The rays of the sun were reflected in the waves rolled up by the prow of the ship; I could see all the colors of the rainbow, and the effect was very unusual and beautiful. But as a rule, the sea is never majestic, though it is frequently what the English call nasty. . . .

Last night there was a dance on deck, and members of the Sports Committee were indignant because of the small attendance. "We have worked hard to provide amusement," they said, "and almost no one is dancing." It has probably never occurred to the members that they are a nuisance rather than a blessing. It would be very much pleasanter on board if a Gay Time had never been thought of. I do not care to dance; nor do I care to have members of the Sports Committee urge me to dance. If I care to play quoits, or any other of the

deck games, I do not need a Sports Committee to urge me.

The members of the Sports Committee think it an outrage that Adelaide does not dance, and look at me reproachfully. I tell them I had nothing to do with it; that her parents are church members, and do not believe in dancing. This also greatly astonishes them. It won't surprise me if the members of the Sports Committee finally get into trouble with some of the other passengers who want to be let alone. I hear a good deal of grumbling in the smoking-room from men who are being constantly urged to dance, take part in the concert, play skittles, or quoits, or deck billiards, or sea croquet.

Sunday, February 23. — A tall pastor conducted Holy Communion services at 7 o'clock this morning, in the music-room. There were four present: the pastor, his wife, his nurse maid, and myself. I am a very early riser, and this service was the only thing going on; besides, I nearly always sympathize with a small attendance. Our pastor carries two uniforms with him; a white one fringed with black, and another entirely of black, which he wore this morning. I am inclined to believe that he is Low Church. The most animated and vicious church row I was ever familiar with started because a certain pastor insisted on using wafers in his com-

munion service, whereas a bossy woman in the congregation preferred bread. Bread is Low Church; wafers represent the High, I am told. . . .

At 3 o'clock this afternoon a woman slipped into the music-room, and began singing, playing her own accompaniments. There is nothing quite so absurd as an amateur singer who cannot sing much, and who is quavery and uncertain. This woman was very bad, and I understand she is to appear at the Grand Concert arranged by the Sports Committee. . . .

Monday, February 24. — There is a sick woman on board, and the other women pay her a great deal of attention. Two of them attend her constantly, in her room and on deck, and a dozen others would gladly do as much, if opportunity presented. Another woman passenger looks after the sick woman's two children.

There is also a sick man on board. He is very ill, and I doubt if he will live to reach Liverpool. Occasionally, on fine days, a steward brings him on deck, where he looks pale and unhappy, and pants for breath, but as a rule he is confined to his stuffy room, where no one sees him except the doctor. I have never seen a sick man more completely neglected, whereas the woman passenger who is ill receives every possible attention. The women say the sick man prefers to be let alone, but

I don't believe it. He is a tragedy in loneliness. He came out on the *Anchises* from London, hoping the voyage would benefit him, but it has harmed him instead.

The sky is very brilliant at night, and we see many shooting stars; and every time we see a shooting star we wish that Mr. Riley will fall overboard. Mr. Riley is indulging in a great big drunk, and I hear he has borrowed money from half the men on board, promising to pay on arrival at Durban. Mr. Riley is a very active member of the Sports Committee, and prominent in everything except the Holy Communion services held Sunday mornings. I do not believe he has heard of these, as he gambles in the smoking-room until a late hour every night, and does not get up very early. If Mr. Riley should hear of the early communion service in the music-room, he would certainly advise the tall pastor as to its ceremonies, for he offers advice in everything else. My room is near the bar, and I never go to it that I do not hear Mr. Riley calling on the barkeeper to hurry along the grog. Mr. Riley also has a very irritating laugh, and I have come to dislike him as much as a menagerie monkey dislikes a boy. Last night there was a dance held near my room, and this, in addition to Mr. Riley and the bar, kept me awake until long after midnight. . . .

Next to our table in the dining-room sit a father and mother and their grown son. Every morning the wife and mother gives her orders to her men-folks for the day, and points out what they did the day before that was displeasing. They talk in low tones, but we can generally hear what they say. The son seems to be the principal culprit, as he is paying attention to a certain Miss Helen the mother does not like; but the husband is well trained, for I have noticed that he takes his orders humbly.

Wednesday, February 26. — This evening members of the crew gave a concert on deck, for the amusement of the passengers. The concert did not begin until 9 o'clock, as most of the performers are waiters in the dining-room, and they were compelled to do up their work before starting. As is common at amateur concerts, the stage was the best part of it. There were elaborate lighting effects, including footlights, and much nice furniture, and palms, had been loaned for the occasion. As usual, the disturbance was not ten feet from my door; as a matter of fact, I loaned my cabin for a dressing-room. Toward the sea, the space above the rail was covered with flags, and the result was a very elaborate little theatre. Steamer-chairs were arranged in rows for the convenience of the passengers, and these chairs are much more comfort-

able than theatre chairs. As is customary at such events here, there was a chairman: John Adams, the chief engineer, who announced the numbers, although elaborate programmes had been printed, and sold at a shilling each. . . .

Friday, February 28. — This has been the most miserable day I have ever spent at sea. A steady rain began falling at daylight, and continued without intermission until evening. The passengers were driven from the upper deck, and congregated on one side of the main deck, where the children made more noise than ever. The dampness was of the penetrating kind that reached our clothing and our rooms, and we could not be comfortable anywhere.

About five o'clock the rain ceased, and a boy went about beating a gong. This was notice of a meeting of the Sports Committee in the music-room, to decide whether the fancy dress ball arranged for tonight should be given up on account of the rain. The vote was in favor of going ahead with it. The sailors at once began arranging the dry side of the deck into a ball-room, and the passengers were forced to go to their cabins, or sit in the smoking-room.

The fancy dress ball proved to be more creditable than was anticipated. Those who took part wore their costumes to dinner at 7 o'clock, and the

children, nurses and stewards gathered in the main hallway to see them go in. There were about twenty-five costumes in all, nearly all of them made on board. One young woman appeared as Topsy, and her feet were bare. She not only appeared barefooted in the dining-room, but danced in her bare feet. Afterward the passengers voted on the best costume and Topsy won the second prize, the first going to an English actor who appeared as Cardinal Wolsey.

Mr. Riley borrowed a greasy suit of working-clothes from a sailor, and, appearing at the dance as a Sundowner, or tramp, it became necessary to take him away. The gents who appeared in fancy dresses talked about the ball until 1.30 A.M., as amateur actors talk about the performance, and of course this talk centered around the bar. As my room adjoins the bar, I heard the talk and the accompanying rattle of glasses. So my disagreeable day began at 5.30 A.M., and ended at 1.30 the following morning. I shall long remember February 28, 1913. . . .

Sunday, March 2. — I passed out of sight of land at Adelaide, South Australia, at 7.20 on the evening of February 12, and picked it up again at 7 o'clock this morning, when I awoke and looked out of the window to see how the weather was. The land was South Africa. The voyage we have just

completed takes the passenger out of sight of land longer than any other now being made in steamships. There are longer voyages, but on none of them is the passenger out of sight of land for eighteen days. And during the eighteen days we did not see a ship; no signs of life whatever, except a few birds and a few flying-fish.

II

WHEN THE RADIO WAS NEW

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WHEN THE RADIO WAS NEW

TIME	— 1903.
PASSENGER	— John U. Higinbotham.
VOYAGE	— From Southampton to New York.
SHIP	— The Philadelphia.
SOURCE	— <i>Three Weeks in Europe, the Vacation of a Busy Man, by John U. Higinbotham; Chicago, 1903, pp. 260-272.</i>

John U. Higinbotham was born in Manhattan, Kansas, November 5, 1867. He was admitted to the Nebraska bar in 1888. In 1895 he became associated with the American Biscuit Manufacturing Company, and in 1903 joined the National Biscuit Company as assistant treasurer. He later became auditor of the Detroit Lubricator Company. On a three weeks' tour of Europe in 1903 he discovered that an energetic traveler could cover a vast amount of ground in a short time, and his first book, "Three Weeks in Europe," is an account of some very rapid sight-seeing. He wrote a number of other travel books, all of which describe three weeks' tours in various countries.

We stepped from our train right to the gang-plank of the steamer at fifteen minutes before twelve, and the lines were cast off promptly at

noon. There is a general scramble for packages. We are assured that nothing has arrived for us. . . . Later we find a shipment from London and one from Venice knocking about in the vicinity of the mail-box. . . .

Our stateroom is an outside room, but it is not well ventilated. As it is not on the corridor, we hope it will be quieter. We have to pass through the dining-saloon to reach the deck. . . . There is a well-equipped library on board.

This is a creaky boat, but very steady. Every part of the ship seems to rub against every other part. The cracking and snapping make you wonder if it can possibly hold together. . . .

Our mattresses are air bags. Our cockney steward calls them "hair" mattresses. . . . There is a pianola in the saloon. All you have to do is to "watch the expression" on the other passengers' faces, in playing the pianola, to know when they have had enough. There seems to be no restriction as to its use. Any one holding a first-class ticket is entitled to pump away at it, regardless of age, sex or discretion. . . .

There is no band or orchestra on board. No smiling captain hands out ship's ribbons to the passengers. We have not even seen the captain, and we bought ribbons of the barber. It is not

nearly so jolly a ride as the trip over. Returning passengers are never so cordial as those on the outgoing steamers. . . .

August 26.—We watched the Marconi machine today, or rather, we listened to it. It is in a small cabin aft. The messages are caught on a cross-bar at the top of a high mast rising from the after part of the promenade deck. Two wires extend from the ends of this bar to the receiving machine. It records the dots and dashes on a tape. The sender makes big flashes and has a cricket-like chirp much louder than a telegraph key. . . . There is one bad thing about it. It shortens the restful feature of your trip just as soon as its clatter commences. The time will probably come when a man seeking absolute rest will have to charter a submarine boat and anchor at the bottom of the sea. . . .

August 27.—This is our first pleasant day. The deck is full. Shuffleboard, quoits and tetherball are all going. This is a thrifty line. A tetherball racket disappeared for several days and the ship carries no duplicate. The deck steward hinted that we were fortunate to have had a complete set to start with. . . .

Messages for transmission via marconigram will be received at 3 and 10 P.M. tomorrow. The price

is two dollars for ten words and twelve cents for each additional word, to which is added the land rate from Nantucket or Sagapanack, L. I.

One of the prettiest sights of the return trip was a North German Lloyd steamer all lighted up, which we passed last night after dinner. It glowed and peeped at us from its cabin portholes and made a picture not transferable to canvas.

Five bells and first call for dinner. There is a complete pipe-organ in the saloon. The best feature about it is that the passengers are not allowed to play on it. . . .

Young lady passengers are selling programmes for the concert. The price is fifty cents or more, depending on the susceptibility of the victim to feminine wiles. The programme is not an artistic piece of job printing.

But it was fully as artistic as the concert. The chairman put all in good humor by reminding us that ocean traveling is perilous and that we were bound together, not only by a common joy but by a common danger. Then the common danger was produced and read. It proved to be "a little thing of his own."

The most interesting contribution was a quartette sung by native African boys from the steerage, who could not speak a word of English. . . . A young lady violinist appeared next and did fairly

well alone, but when she attempted Schubert's Serenade with an accompanist, the latter finished three bars ahead. . . . An actor gave a monologue. Then came the inevitable speech-making. . . . The programme sales amounted to \$132 and the collection netted \$175, so the fund did very well. . . .

The passengers, with the exception of the management and participants, are all engaged in criticising the concert. It is wonderful the amount of talent on board that was overlooked. . . . It appears that with the exception of ourselves, every one was aching to appear. . . .

August 29.—We dropped anchor at 3 this morning and tied up to the dock at 8. The tying up of one of these ocean steamers is interesting. It involves pulling a big ship into a narrow slip not much too large for her, and it is done very quickly and with no rubs whatever. . . .

III

THE CAPTAIN'S DINNER

III

THE CAPTAIN'S DINNER

TIME	— 1896.
PASSENGER	— <i>Dr. John Henry Barrows.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From New York to Bremenhaven.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Havel.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>A World Pilgrimage, by John Henry Barrows; Chicago, 1897, pp. 12-20.</i>

Dr. John Henry Barrows, Congregational clergyman, was born near Medina, Mich., on July 11, 1847. After studying at the Yale Divinity School and the Union Theological Seminary he spent three years in Kansas as a home missionary, and later served churches in Lawrence, Mass., and Chicago. In 1873 he traveled extensively in Europe. He was chairman of the Committee on Religious Congresses of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1892 and was selected to deliver the first Haskell Lecture at the University of Chicago. In 1896 he visited India to lecture under the Barrows Foundation and on his way home around the world he lectured in Japan. He was elected president of Oberlin College in 1898 and died on June 3, 1902.

The *Havel*, named, like every North German Lloyd express steamer between Bremen and New

York, from one of the rivers of the Fatherland, was built in 1890. It is the most comfortable and satisfactory boat on which I have ever crossed the Atlantic, scrupulously clean, beautiful in its decoration, with a promenade deck almost entirely covered and thus protecting us from many annoyances. One catches something of the spirit of Germany, as in the companion-way he looks at the tiled decorations representing villages, castles, and churches to be seen along the river Havel, or notes the imitations of ancient tapestries which deck the splendid saloon.

It is pleasant to be summoned to one's meals, not by a barbarous gong, but by a civilized and inspiring bugle. Only musicians are employed as second-cabin stewards, and an excellent band plays on deck every morning at eleven, so that even seasick passengers are reheartened; while the concert programme, furnished by the orchestra at every dinner, lends a new charm to that chief event of the day. . . . Who of us will ever forget the sweet, deep pleasure of being awakened on Sunday morning by the playing of "Nearer, my God, to Thee"? . . .

This ship does its work without fuss, and one has a feeling of security. . . . There has been a cheerful and restful monotony about it, very satis-

fying to us all. The incidents of a sea voyage are usually few. . . .

The point reached every midday is marked on the chart near the smoking-room by a German flag. An American flag is planted in New York and the Union Jack in Southampton, and it has been pleasant in the last week to see the black, red and white flags of Germany stretching, in ever-lengthening line, across the Atlantic. On the afternoon of March 3 Bishop's Light appeared off the Scilly Islands, and we felt that our course was about finished. But the captain, now that land was in sight and the passengers free from care, took to the bridge, and was seen no more in the dining-saloon. . . .

There are forms of beauty and forces of tremendous power which bring out on deck even the beer-soaked and ham-filled players from the ship's smoking-room. The approach of land ever appears to be the signal and occasion of more generous drinking. . . .

On the evening before reaching Southampton we had the captain's dinner. The children were excited by what they called the Christmas trees adorning the tables. These were cones of fancy cakes and confectionery decorated with German and American flags and the flags of Bremen and

of the German Lloyd line. One cone was surmounted by Germania and the other by the Bartholdi statue. After the pudding had been served, the lights were suddenly extinguished and, while the orchestra played "America," the doors of the saloon opened and the twelve stewards filed in and marched twice around the tables, carrying illuminated blocks of ice and large Japanese lanterns shaped like crowns, globes, and castles, and the happy diners cheered the picturesque and beautiful procession. . . .

On the evening of March 3 our ship talked with another ship at sea by means of red and white Roman candles, and each learned that her neighbor belonged to the same line. . . .

The German ocean has been safely crossed; we have rounded Holland, and Bremerhaven is reached. . . .

One of the last duties of the passenger who leaves his ship is to make a just and equitable distribution of fees among the stewards who have served him. . . . This duty is also a pleasure, for the service rendered has been cheerful, and the hungry expectation of large fees has not been apparent. . . .

As the tender leaves the *Havel*, Captain Jüngst waves his farewells from the promenade deck, and the band plays a resounding and cheerful air. . . .

IV

RATS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

IV

RATS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

TIME	— 1892.
PASSENGER	— <i>The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Tilbury Dock, England, to Melbourne, Australia.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Arcadia.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>Glimpses of Four Continents: Letters Written During a Tour in Australia, New Zealand and North America in 1893, by the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos; London, 1894, pp. 3-66.</i>

Alice Anne, daughter of Sir Graham Montgomery, married the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos on February 17, 1885. He died in 1889 and in 1894 she married Baron Egerton. She died on September 15, 1931. In the preface to her book she speaks of deciding on the trip suddenly and mentions her rush to collect the necessary wardrobe in the week she had before sailing. She expected and received considerable official entertaining and in those days a wardrobe that included formal evening wear bulked large. Like many other voyagers she was swamped with presents, most of which were of no use on board ship and were soon dropped over the rail. She described

her travels in a series of letters home. Her book is a collection of these letters.

We left London on October 14 at eleven o'clock from Liverpool Street Station in the salon carriage of the train to Tilbury Dock, where friends and all were packed like herrings in a barrel on a small tug to go out to the *Arcadia*.

Such a big ship she looked as we climbed up her side! The first thing we noticed was the Lascars swarming about in their blue blouses, red turbans and sashes, and white trousers, with bare brown arms and feet. They looked very cold and miserable at the mouth of the Thames. . . .

No one who has not seen an enormous floating palace like this can form any idea how wonderful it is. Everything proceeds with the regularity of clockwork; a bugle sounds for meals, and if one is ill he can always have food brought to him in his cabin or on deck. There is a whole army of stewards in white trousers and blue jackets who wait at table. They are paid £12 for the trip, and of course get tips as well, as every one gives something to their table steward. . . .

At first it seemed perfectly hopeless to stow our manifold goods and chattels away, and my sketching things and paint-boxes always block up the road. Eventually we settled down, had a pretty

good dinner, and sat on deck, as we steamed down the river, till quite late. It was a trial for two such tall people to get used to undressing in so small a room. Dressing was not so bad, as one could remain in her berth till the other was out of the way. . . .

The cabins were very well ventilated, so much so that you can hear pretty distinctly everything that goes on next door. . . . Everybody, almost, has a deck chair, and when one is sitting in it, that is the only place one can call one's own.

The cabins are painted white, and have folding-up washstands, and rows of hooks to hang things on, and we had large cretonne bags made with lots of pockets to stuff shoes, etc. in. Above our heads is a sort of arrangement which one sees in a dairy for cheeses; this holds our hats and parasols. Under the berths there is room for a cabin-box; and once a week, on baggage day, passengers are allowed to get up boxes from the baggage-room.

One night I was just going to bed when a large rat came into my cabin, and began to hop about all over my things: the rats come up from the hold, but do not often attack ladies in their cabins. I was dreadfully frightened by this unwelcome visitor, but refrained from screaming, as I fled down the passage in my night dress, and got into a neighbor's room; then I sent for a steward, who

found a hole in the floor, which he stuffed with a towel, and mended next day with a piece of tin.

My maid was still more unfortunate, as her rat went up her petticoats, and nearly gave her a fit. She said it was as large as a rabbit! In the second class, one woman found her baby being devoured in its berth, and actually the horrid rat was hanging on to its lip.

There was also a parachute-jumping lady who was attacked by one, and her screams were so loud that some of us thought the ship was on fire; considering in what a dangerous way she made her living, one would not have expected her to be so much affected by such a trifle as a rat. They say these animals come to the cabins to look for water, as, like other folk, they suffer from thirst in the tropics. . . .

On Friday, October 21, we reached Malta, where we were met and taken on shore. . . . Alas! our return to the ship was not so enjoyable. A smell of coal dust everywhere, all the port-holes shut, and very soon the decks were a sheet of water, all the black men washing them down as soon as they could.

Almost every one now wears white dresses and shady hats, and we rejoice in brilliant sunshine all day long. We had a concert on board the other night, and everybody who could sing, including

the captain, had to perform. We sit out on deck in thin dresses until eleven o'clock at night, and some of the men sleep on deck. . . .

October 29. — We woke up to find ourselves in the Suez Canal. . . . Some Arab traders hooked their boat on to us, and climbed with the agility of cats on board, with green oranges to sell.

On Saturday, November 5, we had a fancy dress dance on board. The Lascars decorated the deck with a variety of flags and bunting, and all the ladies concocted dresses for themselves. I appeared as Katharine of Aragon; and Hilda, as a *vivandière*, had a *succès fou* wearing the cap and jacket she bought at Port Said, and carrying a small glass barrel painted blue and white by the carpenter.

. . .

November 17. — We had a little entertainment on board consisting of an exhibition of Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks. They were most successful, which was mainly due to the handsome young lady who transformed herself into the voluble Mrs. Jarley, with a powdered wig and many wrinkles. Afterwards we had singing and a supper party by special permission of the captain, who was unfortunately laid up with a bad cold, but, ill or well, would have to turn out on the bridge when we made the Narrows. We all got rather reckless, and ended with a mad polka, which I played for until

the steward turned off the electric light. A short pillow-fight ensued on the companion; luckily I just escaped to bed before the first officer in a rage appeared on the scene to quell the rioters.

Arrived safe at Port Phillip (Melbourne) on November 22.

V

ACROSS THE LINE IN PAJAMAS

V

ACROSS THE LINE IN PAJAMAS

TIME	— 1889.
PASSENGER	— <i>John Finch.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Dartmouth, England, to Cape Town, South Africa.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Garth Castle.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>To South Africa and Back, by John Finch; London, 1890, pp. 1-28.</i>

At the time he made the trip to South Africa John Finch was a member of a firm of wholesale cabinet makers and upholsterers with headquarters in London. His firm had received inquiries from South Africa and he made the journey to investigate the business possibilities of the country and at the same time take a vacation. He spent five months traveling through Cape Colony, Natal, Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and visited the gold and diamond fields.

In a trip to South Africa and back, during the latter part of last year and the beginning of this, I spent six months so agreeably that I often wished friends were nearer. . . . The voyage out is no longer the tedious and risky passage it was. In a few days the disagreeables of northern latitudes

are left behind, and in delightful sunshine the waking hours are passed. The fine vessels of the Castle and Union Lines steam the distance in three weeks, bearing you safely through six thousand miles of ocean, and providing handsomely for your comfort and pleasure.

The vessel in which my passage was taken was the *Garth Castle*, a worthy sea-boat, and well-appointed floating hotel. You may, if you choose, go on board in dock at Blackwall, or you may join the ship in Dartmouth harbor, saving a day, and exchanging for the river passage a journey by rail. Be guided by the time of the year and the state of the weather. It is pleasant to sail down the Thames and round the coast in the Summer months; but in dull October, the month in which I set out, the railway journey is preferable. In Dartmouth harbor the complement of passengers is made up, the mails are taken on board, and shoregoing friends say goodbye. Then the stout ship, heading southwest, is soon rushing at full speed through the sea.

Settling down on board ship takes time, the motion of the vessel is new to you, you are not yet used to the construction of your bunk, and there is a squeamish feeling you must allow for. . . . Turning out in the morning about six, you have your cup of coffee and a bath, and then there is

before you a long day of delightful idling. The passengers distribute themselves about the deck in little knots. The smokers gather on the lee-side of the ship and yarn; the ladies, with books or work, make themselves comfortable in ship's chairs; the children are rolling and tumbling about on the white, dry, holy-stoned deck; and for a time all goes merrily.

There is a break now and again for meals. These are the great events of the day; and if you be fit and well, you will do justice to them and thank Heaven. The morning sea-breeze has put a keen edge on your appetite, and there is no lingering behind when the bell rings for breakfast. . . . Having neither newspapers nor letters to occupy your attention, ship's gossip is made much of. Other people's affairs, with which you wouldn't concern yourself on shore, interest you. Your own tongue loosens, and you too become talkative. You tell your neighbor all about yourself and your belongings, and of his belongings and himself you hear in turn. . . .

When eight bells are struck (noon) you go below for tiffin, a substantial meal for famishing passengers to keep going with. Then at six o'clock the dinner-bell rings; and as though a strict fast had been going on for twenty-four hours, not a moment is lost in getting to your seat. The saloon

looks at its best. The tables are gay with color, the passengers are in good humor, and the waiting is faultless. Recollecting that no land is in sight, and that the ship is plowing swiftly through deep water, you marvel at the wonderful resources of the steward. Fresh fruits and flowers are on the table before you. The menu invites you to make an effort. Your favorite joints, dishes of tempting morsels, game, fowl, and all the *et ceteras* of a fashionable dinner are offered you.

One might suppose that when the cloth was drawn, and the passengers had cracked their nuts and jokes, there would be an end to the meals for one day; but later further provision is made against starvation. You have tea in the saloon; and afterwards, if you feel again the pangs of hunger, you can have something more.

The first land we sighted was Cape Finisterre. . . . All hands were aroused at midnight as the steamer slowed and stopped at the mouth of the Tagus. . . .

There was a good deal of rough water when we cleared the river and stood out to sea. . . . At dinner the fiddles were out. These are trays without bottoms, to keep the plates and glasses from tumbling about in rough weather. But even with these safeguards there is now and again a great clash of glass and crockery. The weather mod-



From "The Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain, New York, 1869

Dancing on the Deck



From "A Steamer Book," by Wm. Tod Helmuth, New York, 1880

The Grand Dining Saloon of a Steamer of About 1880

erating, we had a pool on the ship's run—248 miles. It is a never-failing source of amusement. . . .

We are steering a south-westerly course direct for the Madeiras. The sea is still rough, but there is a good wind, and with all sails set the good ship is plowing along at a great rate of speed. The increasing heat has brought out the awning, and there is an electric lamp fitted up on deck for use in the evening. After dinner the stewards' band plays, some of the passengers sing, and for an hour or so we have a capital vocal and instrumental concert. Then we gather in little parties for a last pipe and chat before turning in for the night. At eleven lights are put out, at which hour most of the passengers are asleep in their bunks.

The steamer being a mail-carrier, every minute counts; consequently time did not permit of our visiting Teneriffe or any of the Canary Islands. . . . We are not to touch at St. Helena or Ascension either, so there was no chance of a turn on shore till we reached Cape Town. Being now thrown on our own resources for amusements, we appointed a committee to entertain us. And as there were several old hands on the committee, they made a very good playground of the ship's deck. We had cricket and quoits in the morning and afternoon, and concerts in the evening. The

quoits, I should perhaps explain, are thick rings of rope, and they are either thrown on a peg, or on numbered squares chalked on the deck. It looks an easy game; but try it on board ship in a heavy sea! The tug-of-war is always great fun; and the sweep on the distance sailed excites much interest. The concerts, need I say, are highly popular. What, indeed, in the form of entertainment would not be popular with not a sail in sight, or a peak to break the complete circle of the horizon?

The stewards' band played capital dance music. And to it ladies and gentlemen merrily waltzed and polkaed. One evening the band played aft, and the next evening for'a'd, so that all classes of passengers were pleased. An electric lamp lighted up the deck brilliantly; the nights were warm, and the good ship was speeding swiftly on her voyage. All this put the passengers in gay humor, and there was much laughing and joking at the figures some of us cut in the dance. Those who could, sang or recited, doing anything to amuse. I remember hearing my own voice in "The Holy Friar," and wondered how it came about that I should be singing in a ship's saloon outward bound for Africa. With song and dance music the time passed very pleasantly, and we were all loath to separate when the hour came to turn in.

The heat was now very great. . . . Before this we had overhauled our kit and rigged ourselves out in suitable garments, making the weight of covering we had to carry about as light and as loose as possible.

As we drew nearer the equatorial line we had our first experience of a tropical storm. It came on suddenly, and was as quickly over, . . . the sky cleared, the air cooled, and the sense of oppressiveness was gone.

Once more we could sleep comfortably in our bunks; but we were up again at six in pajamas, taking the morning constitutional, or superintending (unauthorized) the holy-stoning of the decks. Pajamas, I should perhaps explain, are a kind of night dress or sleeping suit, used in hot countries. The suit is made of silk, flannel or cotton, according to the taste of the wearer, and in all the colors of the rainbow. Being perfectly free and easy fitting, though amply covering the body, you may step from your berth to the deck with an easy mind. . . . But before the breakfast bell rings you must be in your proper garments again. . .

It has been getting cooler since crossing the line, and there is a general rise of spirits. In the extreme heat you are soon fatigued, sleep at night deserts you, and except to crawl below for meals, you feel incapable of any exertion. After steaming into

the trades, however, the languor was thrown off, and we began again to be interested in amusements. A stage was rigged up in the saloon and we had charades. Then a mock trial. . . . Getting your hair cut also helps to while away the time. One of the sailors was a capital haircutter, and the workmanlike way in which he handled our heads gave great satisfaction.

I had taken with me, carefully packed in one of my cabin trunks, . . . two boxes of night-lights. Little did I think, in stowing them away, that they would run into oil in the heat; but so it turned out. Papers and clothes suffered considerably of course; and I would suggest to intending voyagers . . . that they leave night-lights at home. This reminds me that I ought to say something about a South African kit. . . . You must take a claw-hammer (I mean a dress-coat), and for comfort's sake, some pairs of socks, under-flannels, two pairs of pajamas and a few shirts. But there is no need of more than a couple of strong tweed suits — one to wear, and the other ready to wear. . . . I found that a very small kit would serve all purposes.

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VI

A GIANT OF 6000 TONS

VI

A GIANT OF 6000 TONS

TIME	— 1884.
PASSENGER	— <i>Leonard A. Morrison.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From New York to Queenstown.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The City of Chicago.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>Rambles in Europe, by Leonard A. Morrison, A.M.; Boston, n.d., pp. 19-31.</i>

Leonard A. Morrison was born near Windham, N. H., February 21, 1843. He was made a selectman of Windham in 1871 and during his term he helped to establish the Nesmith Library. In 1877 he became editor of the *Windham Chronicle*, and he received his A.M. from Dartmouth College in 1882. He was a representative in the State Legislature in 1884 and a State Senator in 1886. He was interested in the genealogy of various Scotch-Irish families and wrote a number of books in which he traced their origin and early history.

Having concluded to make the journey, I secured passage to Liverpool, England, by the good ship *City of Chicago*, and a return ticket by any ship of the Inman line. . . .

On the afternoon of February 25 [1884] . . . the cables were taken on board, the ponderous

shafts of the mighty engine began to move, the quivering, instant response of the vessel was felt, and the stately ship of 6,000 tons' burden swung from her moorings. . . .

The ocean voyage, loved by few, and dreaded by most as a painful experience, passed rather pleasantly. . . . The nights seemed long, and little could be heard save the perpetual sad moaning of the sea, the hurrying feet on deck, and the melancholy refrain of the sailors' songs when unreefing the sails. . . .

Our steamer was a floating palace. The table was the equal of the best hotel's, and eating became one of the chief attractions and the principal occupation of the passengers. The three regular meals, interspersed with several lunches, kept those on board busy. Many of the gentlemen amused themselves and whiled away the time by playing poker, drinking champagne, and betting on the day's run of the steamer. Money frequently changed hands at such times.

It may not be generally known, but there are ocean tramps who live upon ocean steamers most of the time, passing to and fro over the Atlantic, whose business it is to gamble and bet, and thus rake into their own pockets the shekels of the foolish and unwary traveller. The wine bill of some

of these, during a single voyage of ten days, will often be \$150.

Cabin passengers fare sumptuously every day. Every want is anticipated and provided for. . . . They soon became like members of one great family, and employed themselves according to their several tastes, and there was always more or less sport among them. . . .

On the Sabbath the crew in different parts of the ship were reviewed by the captain. Religious services of the Church of England were holden in the cabin at 10 A.M., attended by the crew and most of the passengers, and conducted by the captain, the oldest officer and admiral of this steamship line. . . . The captain made interesting remarks in behalf of the Home for the Children of Sailors Lost at Sea, for which a collection was taken.

Days with their monotony passed away, and . . . we entered the beautiful sheltered harbor of Queenstown. . . . After bidding my ship companions farewell, I landed. It cost me several dollars to run the gauntlet of the servants before I left the vessel. All had to be tipped, from the steward to the bootblack.

VII

THE PACIFIC MAIL

VII

THE PACIFIC MAIL

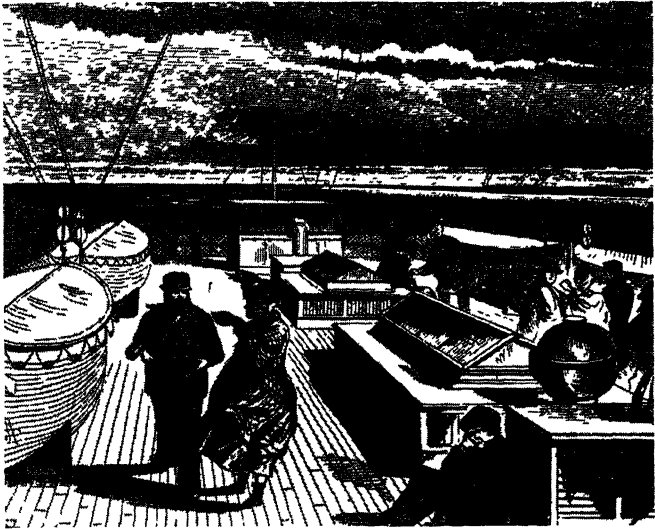
TIME	— 1875.
PASSENGER	— <i>Benjamin Robbins Curtis.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From San Francisco to Yokohama.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Great Republic.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>Dottings Round the Circle, by Benjamin Robbins Curtis; Boston, 1877, pp. 52-66.</i>

Benjamin Robbins Curtis, a son of Justice Benjamin Robbins Curtis of the United States Supreme Court, was born at Pittsfield, Mass., June 15, 1855. In 1875, shortly after graduating from Harvard, he started on a trip around the world, during which he visited Japan, China, Java, India, Egypt and Europe. He kept a diary of his trip which he later revised and published as "*Dottings Round the Circle.*" He was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1878 and to the bar of the United States Supreme Court in 1885. In 1886 he was appointed an Associate Justice of the Municipal Court of the City of Boston. He died in Boston January 25, 1891.

August 2. [1875] — *The Great Republic* is advertised to sail at noon, and an hour before that time F—— and I have come on board, and have stowed our trunks in our stateroom, in readiness

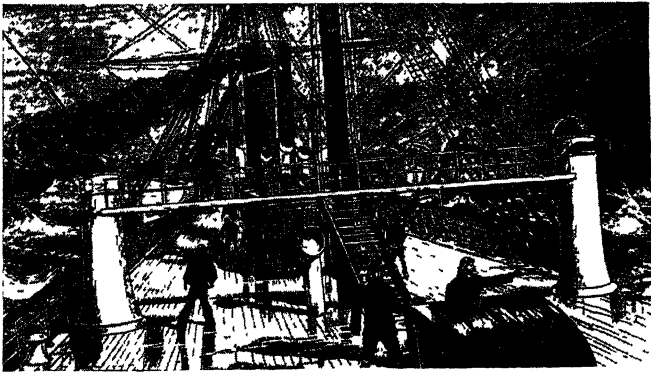
for our long voyage. . . . Promptly at twelve o'clock Captain Cobb takes his stand on the bridge; the ropes are cast off, the immense walking-beam starts into motion, and, amidst farewell shouts and waving handkerchiefs, the great steamer slowly backs out from the wharf, the paddle-wheels strike the water, and we move away from America. . . .

The *Great Republic* is a side-wheel steamer of 4325 tons, with a capacity for 150 cabin passengers, and 1200 in the steerage. On board all the boats of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company it is the custom to carry live cattle and poultry, which are killed when needed; and the consequence is that the most varied chorus comes from between-decks at all hours of the day and night, — the lowing of cows mingling with the bleating of sheep, the quacking of ducks, and the cackling of hens. These steamers are undoubtedly the finest line of ocean passenger-vessels in the world. The state-rooms are large and comfortable; the dining-cabin high, wide, and airy; while the long deck affords a capital promenade, or, covered over with a huge awning, is a delightful place to read or write. Everything possible is done for the convenience and comfort of patrons. The table is, on the whole, excellent; the meats, for the reason stated above, being of remarkable flavor and quality. Every



From "A Tour of Both Hemispheres," by Eugene Vetromula; New York, 1880

The Quarter-deck



From "A Steamer Book," by Wm Tod Helmuth, New York, 1880

The Main Deck of a Steamer of About 1880

attaché of the ship, from lowest to highest, exerts himself to be accommodating and polite.

Captain Cobb (of Cambridgeport, Mass.) is a man of decided polish, a thorough seaman, and most agreeable talker. The first officer, though rather grave and taciturn, will meet you half-way in conversation, and will always prove interesting. The chief engineer won his place by a very brave act performed a short time ago, when he was in an inferior position. Our purser, belonging to a well-known New York family, dresses exquisitely, and always looks as if he was just stepping out for a promenade on Fifth avenue. The steward, a comfortable sort of personage, whom nothing disturbs, regulates the movements of the corps of Chinese waiters by a tap of a bell, and comes to our table from time to time to inquire if we are well served. In short, the various elements which are around us, coalescing as they do, yet being often so utterly dissimilar, afford a wide field for quiet observation and amusement.

The boats of the P.M.S.S. Co. are not allowed, even if they have the most favorable passage imaginable, to enter the harbor of Yokohama before a certain number of days after leaving San Francisco. If, owing perhaps to very favorable winds and a smooth sea, a captain arrives off Japan before

twenty-two days have passed since his departure from America, or reaches San Francisco on a return voyage before the specified time, he is not allowed to bring his ship into harbor, but must coast up and down till the particular day has come; and forty-five tons of coal is the limit for a day's consumption. The reasons for the above, as given by Baron Hübner in his "Ramble Round the World," are as follows:

A captain who should arrive before his time, even if it were only by a few hours, would be dismissed the service. I hear every one around me blaming these restrictions. I own I think them wise and prudent. . . . The consumption of coal increases with the increase of speed, and that in a very large proportion: without counting the expense, therefore, the boats would have to be overloaded at starting. If the time of the passage had not been fixed, the captains of the four boats would rival one another in speed, to the detriment of the vessel and the machinery. . . . Besides this, the merchants of Yokohama and Hong Kong depend on receiving and expediting their correspondence on a certain day, and that is only possible by giving such a margin to the boats as shall make allowance for the insuperable delays which now and then must arise from bad weather or contrary winds. On their side the company is anxious that the steamers coming from San Francisco and Hong Kong should not meet at Yokohama, because they would then have to be laden and unladen at the same time, and so they would

need to double the requisite staff of officials and coolies. Now, this coincidence would often happen if the Californian boat were less than two-and-twenty days on the passage. Add to this that the government of Washington, which has a right to interfere, as it pays the subvention, hearing that the boats might shorten the run by two days, would perhaps be tempted to force the company to do so, and thus reduce the time originally allowed by the contract.

For these reasons we do not expect to make long runs, and consider that we have done fairly well since our start, having accomplished two hundred and twenty-five miles.

August 4. — The clear weather continues, but a slight headwind opposes us. The lady passengers have recovered and are on deck today. At 4 P.M. the captain gave a false fire-alarm to drill the crew. The bells tolled, the whistle blew, and in a very short time each man was in his place with a bucket in his hand, the fire-extinguisher and hose were in readiness, and the officers appeared, prepared to command. The drill was very satisfactory, and went far to allay the apprehensions of the timid in regard to fire.

August 6. — The routine of our life is as follows: breakfast comes at nine o'clock, lunch at one, and dinner at six. The passengers pass the day in reading or writing, conversing with each other,

walking the deck, or playing ship's quoits. In the evening the consul's wife takes her place at the piano in the little deck-parlor, and plays accompaniments for little ballads which her daughter sings charmingly. This young lady, about twelve years old, is the life of the ship, and is a great favorite with everybody. The military and naval officers are most interesting companions, and are great acquisitions to our circle. . . .

August 8. — Today is Sunday, and at half past ten the surgeon takes his stand in the dining-cabin behind an extemporized reading-desk, — a large cushion covered with the American flag, — and reads the Episcopal service, the officers, passengers, and several seamen forming a congregation. . . .

August 19. — Every morning at eleven o'clock the captain, accompanied by the ship's surgeon and steward, makes an inspection of the whole ship, and today several of us go with them, by invitation. It is astonishing to find how every inch of room is utilized on board such a steamer as ours; and it is very gratifying, moreover, to see how clean every part of the ship is kept. We pass first through the steerage, where three hundred Chinamen are stowed. Plenty of fresh air is admitted through large open ports; the men are sitting round in groups, chattering Chinese, some gambling at dominoes, while all appear comfortable and con-



Mail Steamer of the Anchor Line. 1875

tented. One portion of the steerage is given up to the Chinese for an opium-smoking room. In another part they have prepared a joss-house. Thus the long voyage passes pleasantly for them. . . .

August 21. — The great amusement of the passengers is pitching quoits on the main deck. Besides this, the monotony of the voyage is relieved by betting on the ship's run, — a bottle of claret or champagne being the prize each day of the one who has estimated most exactly the number of miles accomplished by the ship during the last twenty-four hours. . . .

August 25. — Our run today was 256 miles, and our total distance from San Francisco is 4,496 miles. We expect to reach Yokohama tomorrow evening, probably in time to disembark. In company with the chief-engineer I visited today the engine-room and furnaces, and inspected all the machinery of the ship. The furnace-room is seventeen feet below the surface of the water, and contains twenty-four furnaces, into whose roaring mouths half-naked Chinamen are continually shovelling coal. The heat is tremendous, and a short visit is amply sufficient. These Chinese coal-heavers work four hours and then rest eight, the arduous labor performed in the intense heat making it necessary for them to rest at regular intervals. A balcony surrounds the furnace-room, and stand-

ing on it, and looking down upon the dark chamber lighted only by the glare of the fires, before which dusky forms like very fiends are running about, the spectator may well believe that he has strayed into the infernal regions and is witnessing the antics of some of its devil-inhabitants.

August 26. — At eleven o'clock today the welcome cry of "Land!" is heard throughout the ship, and it is impossible to describe our delight when, far ahead, "cloud-like, we saw the shore" of Japan, and realized fully that we were rapidly approaching the close of our long voyage. . . .

We pass the light-ship, fire our arrival-gun, make fast to our moorings at a little distance from the city, and come to a stand-still, — our voyage across the Pacific safely accomplished.

VIII

A GERMAN STEAMER OF THE 70'S

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A GERMAN STEAMER OF THE 70'S

TIME	— 1873.
PASSENGER	— <i>Charles Carroll Fulton.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Baltimore to Bremen.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Baltimore.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>Europe Viewed Through American Spectacles, by Charles Carroll Fulton; Philadelphia, 1874, pp. 9-12.</i>

Charles Carroll Fulton was born in Philadelphia in 1816. He served an apprenticeship as a printer on the *Philadelphia National Gazette* and in 1836 went to Baltimore, where for a time he was on the editorial staff of the *Sun*. In 1853 he purchased an interest in the *Baltimore American* and in 1862 became its sole proprietor. In the last years of the Civil War he was a war correspondent for his paper and witnessed some of the more important operations of the Army of the Potomac and the Navy. In 1873 he spent five months in Europe and published his observations in "Europe Viewed Through American Spectacles." He died in Baltimore in 1883.

There is appended here an account of an undated voyage in the *Peruvian*, in which he describes the unique amusements of the passengers.

The first three days of our voyage were as calm and quiet as the run down the Chesapeake, and

everybody imagined that there was nothing to dread for the balance of the voyage, and all was becoming as monotonous as a long drive to a funeral. A party of a half dozen young Americans, who kept up a perpetual round of fun and frolic, were the only persons on board who seemed able to make a break in the solemn aspect of the passengers.

The passenger on a German steamer commences his experience in foreign life the moment the hawsers are cast off. He finds the table served and the food prepared precisely as he will find it on shore when he arrives at Bremerhaven. The *table-d'hôte*, which ultimately makes the American long for a square home dinner, begins so soon as the engine is in motion, and from that hour forward he commences his foreign experience. . . . Our specimens of Young America have much sport over the bill of fare, and bring out their German dictionaries to translate what they term "conundrums." It requires wine or beer to secure good digestion, and our German companions, with this addition, enjoy it amazingly. The table is just such as is suitable to healthy people, and not so tempting as to induce dyspeptics to overload their stomachs. . . .

The amusements of the voyage depend a great deal upon the weather, and upon the character and disposition of the passengers. During most of



By courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line North German Lloyd

The Bremen June 19, 1858

the present trip the weather has been too cold and the sea running too high for amusements on deck. There was also too much seasickness for the passengers to muster in sufficient force until the tenth day out, when, all having recovered, we had quite a spirited dance on deck, a youth from the steerage with an accordion furnishing the music. Although the ship was rolling at an angle of twenty degrees, the dancers managed, with an occasional fall and roll, to enjoy themselves until nine o'clock in the evening, under a bright moonlight. All had their sea-legs fully under control, though so great was the rolling motion of the vessel that none of those who participated in the dance could have even maintained their footing on the deck a week ago. The *Baltimore* proved to be an excellent roller, especially when encountering the groundswell from the Irish coast.

The only other amusement during the voyage has been an occasional game of shuffle-board; but there has been too much wind and rain for this, except at occasional intervals. The weather has also been decidedly cold, and the cabin amusements have been very limited. . . .

Novelists and poets have succeeded in producing a very general impression among the uninitiated that there is something delightful in life on the sea. Depend upon it, there never was a greater

delusion. The novelty wears off very rapidly, and time drags slowly, until the days seem like weeks and the weeks like months. Some time must elapse before one gets accustomed to being rolled up and packed away on a rocking and pitching shelf all night, to the perpetual jingle of the machinery, and to the stifling atmosphere of a close stateroom.

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The *Peruvian* left Liverpool in a storm, or at least a heavy head-wind, with occasional showers of rain, which drove everybody below deck before we had scarcely passed beyond the gates of Wellington dock. We had on board 120 cabin passengers. . . .

The scenes on board an ocean steamer during the first few days of a voyage which commences with rough weather can scarcely be imagined by those who have not witnessed them. The first evening is all gayety and jollity, and the dinner-table is thronged, with all the passengers in their seats. All are in high glee, and full of hope that the morning will disclose a bright sky and a calm sea. The children, of whom there are always a goodly number, gambol around the cabin, and finally settle down on the sofas, drowsy and tired, but delighted with the novelties by which they are surrounded. Parents take them to their staterooms

to dispose of them for the night, intending to return to the saloon for supper, but a few moments below bring on the nausea preceding sea-sickness, and they conclude to retire for the night. . . .

Captain Smith, of the *Peruvian*, is one of the jovial kind, and devotes every moment of spare time from the duties of the ship to the amusement of his passengers. He has a kind word for everyone, and is quite as attentive to the comfort of the steerage and intermediate passengers as to those in the cabin. He sings an excellent song, tells a good story, and, on Sunday evening last, showed that he could not only go through the services of the Church of England, but actually read a good sermon to the cabin and steerage passengers assembled in the saloon. . . .

As we approach our journey's end, joy and gladness seem to pervade the whole ship. The sailors sing their nautical airs with new spirit, and the passengers join in sports and amusements with more than usual zest. Last night the cabin was the scene of general hilarity, songs were given of various nationalities, and stories told with great spirit. . . .

April 2. — The officers and crew of our steamer, numbering 105, are all Englishmen, and hence the old English custom of making April fools was carried out yesterday to its fullest extent, especi-

ally between midnight and daylight. The carpenter was roused up from his sleep to stop a leak, and only discovered the trick after he had searched with his lantern in vain. The barkeeper was aroused and sent with a bottle of brandy to the captain's office, who had been reported as suffering with colic. The surgeon of the ship also arrived simultaneously on the same errand. The chambermaid was called up to attend a lady who was reported to have fallen down the cabin steps. . . .

The game of hanging the monkey, played on English steamers when the passengers get tired of shuffle-board, being a peculiarly nautical amusement, requiring the rolling of the vessel for its full enjoyment, may need some description to the uninitiated. A rope with a noose at the end of it is suspended from the rigging to the centre of the promenade-deck. One of the players, with his handkerchief twisted and knotted, swings himself by this noose under his arms, the other players being stationed around with handkerchiefs similarly knotted, and as the monkey swings each is at liberty to strike him. This sport continues until he succeeds in striking one of his tormentors, when the one struck must take his place, and thus the exhilarating game progresses until all are worn down by its fatigues.

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IX

THE LONG VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA

IX

THE LONG VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA

TIME	— 1869.
PASSENGER	— <i>A son of Samuel Smiles.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>Gravesend to Melbourne.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Yorkshire.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>Round the World; Including a residence in Victoria and a Journey by Rail Across North America, by a Boy. Edited by Samuel Smiles, New York, n.d., pp. 13-65.</i>

The boy who made the voyage had, at the age of sixteen, suffered an attack of inflammation of the lungs, and the voyage was undertaken to restore his health. He spent some time in Australia and returned to England by way of Honolulu and the United States. He was the youngest son of Samuel Smiles, the once famous but now almost forgotten author of "Self-Help," "Thrift," "Duty" and other such moral books. The volume from which the following narrative comes was edited by the elder Smiles.

February 20. At Gravesend. — My last farewells are over, my last adieux are waved to friends on shore, and I am alone on board the ship *Yorkshire*, bound for Melbourne. . . .

Though the ship is advertised to sail this eve-

ning, the stores are by no means complete. The steward is getting in lots of cases; and what a quantity of pickles! Hens are coming up to fill the hen-coops. More sheep are being brought; there are many on board already; and here comes our milk-cow over the ship's side, gently hoisted by a rope. The animal seemed amazed; but she is in skillful hands. "Let go!" calls out the boatswain, as the cow swings in mid-air; away rattles the chain round the wheel of the donkey engine, and the brake is put on just in time to land Molly gently on the deck. In a minute she is snug in her stall for'ard, just by the cook's galley.

It is a dismal day. The sleet and rain come driving down. Everything is raw and cold; everybody wet or damp. . . . So I speedily leave the deck, in order to make a better acquaintance with what is to be my home for the next three months.

First, there is the saloon — long and narrow — surrounded by the cabins. It is our dining-room, drawing-room, and parlor, all in one. A long table occupies the center, fitted all round with fixed seats and reversible backs. At one end of the table is the captain's chair, over which hangs a clock and a barometer. Near the after end of the saloon is the mizzenmast, which passes through into the hold below, and rests on the keelson.

The cabins, which surround the saloon, are

separated from it by open wood-work, for the purposes of ventilation. The entrances to them from the saloon are by sliding doors. They are separated from each other by folding doors, kept bolted on either side when one cabin only is occupied; but these can be opened when the neighbors on both sides are agreeable.

My own little cabin is by no means dreary or uninviting. A window, with six small panes, lets in light and air; and outside is a strong board, or dead-light, for use in rough weather, to protect the glass. My bunk, next to the saloon, is covered with a clean white counterpane. A little washstand occupies the corner; a shelf of books is over my bed-head, and a swing-lamp by its side. Then there is my little mirror, my swing-tray for bottles, and a series of little bags suspended from nails, containing all sorts of odds and ends. . . .

March 3. — Like all passengers, I suppose, who come together on board ship for a long voyage, we had scarcely passed the Eddystone lighthouse before we began to take stock of each other. Who is this? What is he? Why is he going out?

I found several, like myself, who were making the voyage for their health. Among them was a patient, gentle sufferer, racked by a hacking cough when he came on board. Another, a young passenger, had been afflicted by an abscess in his throat

and incipient lung disease. A third had been worried by business and afflicted in his brain, and needed a long rest. A fourth had been crossed in love, and sought for change of scene and occupation. Altogether, we had seventeen saloon passengers on board, including the captain's wife, the only lady at the poop end.

March 10. — During our first days at sea we had some difficulty in finding our sea-legs. The march of some up and down the poop was often very irregular, and occasionally ended in disaster. Yet the passengers were not the only learners; for one day we saw one of the cabin-boys, carrying a heavy ham down the steps from a meat-safe on board, miss his footing in a lurch of the ship, and away went our fine ham into the lee scuppers, spoiled and lost.

We lunched at twelve. From thence, until dinner at five, we mooned about on deck as before, or visited sick passengers, or read in our respective cabins, or passed the time in conversation, and thus the day wore on. After dinner we drew together in parties and became social. In the pleasantly-lit saloon, some of the elders subsided into whist, while the juniors sought the middies in their cabin on the main deck, next door to the sheep-pen; there they entertained themselves and

each other with songs, accompanied by the concertina and clouds of tobacco-smoke.

There was always something new to admire in the ship, and the way in which she was handled; as, for instance, to see the topgallant sails hauled down when the wind freshened, or a staysail set as the wind went round to the east. The taking in of the mainsail on a stormy night was a thing to be remembered for life; twenty-four men on the great yard at a time, clewing it in to the music of the wind whistling through the rigging. The men sing out cheerily at their work, the one who mounts the highest, or stands the foremost on the deck, usually takes the lead —

Haul on the bowlin',
The jolly ship's a-rollin';
Haul on the bowlin',
And we'll all drink rum.

In comes the rope with a "Yo, heave ho!" and a jerk, until the "Belay!" sung out by the mate signifies that the work is done.

March 15. — An always interesting event at sea is the sighting of a distant ship. Today we signaled the *Maitland*, of London, a fine ship, though she was rolling a great deal, beating up against the wind that was impelling us so prosperously for-

ward. I hope she will report us on arrival, to let friends at home know we are so far all right on our voyage. . . .

As the wind subsides, and the novelty of being on shipboard wears off, the passengers begin to think of amusements. One can not be always reading; and as for study, though I try Spanish and French alternately, I can not settle to them, and begin to think that life on shipboard is not very favorable for study. We play at quoits — using quoits of rope — on the poop, for a good part of the day; but this soon becomes monotonous, and we begin to consider whether it may not be possible to get up some entertainment on board to make the time pass pleasantly. We have had a few extempore concerts in one of the middy's berths. The third-class passengers got up a miscellaneous entertainment, including recitals, which went off very well. One of the tragic recitations was so well received that it was encored.

March 17. — One of the most pleasant events of the day is the morning bath on board. You must remember the latitude we are in. We are passing along, though not in sight of, that part of the African coast where a necklace is considered full dress. We sympathize with the natives, for we find clothes becoming intolerable; hence getting into a large tub on board, and being pumped

upon by the hose. Pity that one can not have it later, as it leaves such a long interval between bath and breakfast; but it freshens one up wonderfully, and is an extremely pleasant operation. I only wish that the tub were twenty times as large, and the hose twice as strong.

The wind continues in our favor, though gradually subsiding. During the last two days we have run over 200 miles each day, but the captain says that by the time we reach the Line the wind will have completely died away. To catch a little of the breeze, I go up the rigging to the top. Two sailors came up mysteriously, one on each side of the ratlines. They are terrible fellows, and their object was to intercept my retreat downward. When they reached me I tried to resist, but it was of no use. I must be tied to the rigging unless I promised the customary bottle of rum; so I gave in with a good grace, and was thenceforward free to take an airing aloft.

The amusements on deck do not vary much. Quoits, cards, reading, and talking, and sometimes a game of romps, such as "Walk, my lady, walk!" We have tried to form a committee, with a view to getting up some penny reading or theatrical entertainment, and to ascertain whether there be any latent talent aboard, but the heat occasions such a languor as to be very unfavorable for work, and

the committee lay upon their oars, doing nothing. . . .

At last there is a promised novelty on board. Some original Christy's Minstrels are in rehearsal, and the theatrical committee are looking up amateurs for a farce. Readings from Dickens are also spoken of. . . .

Shortly after lunch today the word was given that no less than three ships were in sight. Immense excitement on board! Everybody turned up on deck. Passengers who had never been seen since leaving Plymouth now made their appearance to look out for the ships. One of them was a steamer, recognizable by the line of smoke on the horizon, supposed to be the West India mail-boat; another was outward-bound, like ourselves; and the third was the homeward-bound ship for which we were all on the lookout. She lay right across our bows, but was still a long way off. . . . The captain ordered all who had letters to be in readiness. I had been scribbling my very hardest ever since the ship came in sight, and now I closed my letter and sealed it up. Would the ship take our letters? Yes. She is an English ship, with an English flag at her peak; and she signals for newspapers, preserved milk, soap, and a doctor! I petitioned for leave to accompany the doctor, and, to my great delight, was allowed to do so. . . .

She proved to be the *Lord Raglan*, of about 800 tons, bound from Bangkok, in Siam, to Yarmouth.

The captain was delighted to see us, and gave us a most cordial welcome. He took us down to his cabin, and treated us to Chinese beer and segars. The place was cheerful and comfortable looking, and fitted up with Indian and Chinese curiosities, yet I could scarcely reconcile myself to living there. There was a dreadful fusty smell about, which I am told, is peculiar to Indian and Chinese ships. The vessel was laden with rice, and the fusty heat which came up from below was something awful. . . .

The kindly-natured captain was most loath to let us go. It was almost distressing to see the expedients he adopted to keep us with him for a few minutes longer. But it was fast growing dusk, and in the tropics it darkens suddenly; so we were at last obliged to tear ourselves away, and leave him with his soap, milk, and newspapers. He, on his part, sent by us a twenty-pound chest of tea as a present for the chief mate (who was with us) and the captain. As we left the ship's side we gave the master and crew of the *Raglan* a hearty three times three. All this while the two ships had been lying nearly becalmed, so that we had not a very long pull before we were safely back on board our ship. . . .

We are now in lat. $0^{\circ} 22'$, close upon the equator. Though our sails are set, we are not sailing, but only floating—indeed, we seem to be drifting. On looking round the horizon, I count no fewer than sixteen ships in sight, all in the same plight as ourselves. . . .

On the day following, March 24, a breeze sprang up, and we made a run of 187 miles. We have now passed the greatest heat, and shortly expect cooler weather. . . . A ship was announced as being in sight, with a signal flying to speak with us. We were sailing along under a favorable breeze, but our captain put the ship about and waited for the stranger. It proved to be a Yankee whaler. When the captain came on board, he said “he guessed he only wanted newspapers.” Our skipper was in a “roaring wax” at being stopped in his course for such a trivial matter, but he said nothing. . . .

April 1. — I was aroused early this morning by the cry outside of “Get up! get up! There is a ship on fire ahead!” I got up instantly, dressed, and hastened on deck, like many more. But there was no ship on fire; and then we laughed, and remembered that it was All-Fools’ Day.

In the course of the forenoon we descried a sail, and shortly after we observed that she was bearing down upon us. The cry of “Letters for home!” was raised, and we hastened below to scribble a few

last words, close our letters, and bring them up for the letter-bag.

By this time the strange ship had drawn considerably nearer, and we saw that she was a barque, heavily laden. She proved to be the *Pyrmont*, a German vessel belonging to Hamburg, but now bound for Yarmouth from Iquique, with a cargo of saltpetre. When she came near enough to speak us, our captain asked, "What do you want?" The answer was "*Blue Jacket* burnt at sea; her passengers on board. Have you a doctor?" Here was a sensation! Our April Fools' alarm was true after all. A vessel *had* been on fire, and here were the poor passengers asking for help. . . .

A boat was at once lowered from the davits, and went off with the doctor and the first mate. . . .

Shortly after we saw our boat leaving the ship's side, and as it approached we observed that it contained some strangers as well as our doctor, who had returned for medicines, lint, and other appliances. When the strangers reached the deck we found that one of them was the first officer of the unfortunate *Blue Jacket*, and the other one of the burnt-out passengers. . . . The latter told us how that the whole of the fellow-passengers whom he had just left on board the *Pyrmont* wanted clothes, shirts, and shoes, and were in a wretched state,

having been tossed about at sea in an open boat for nine days, during which they had suffered the extremities of cold, thirst, and hunger. . . . We felt we must do something. All the passengers at once bestirred themselves, and went into their cabins to seek out any clothing they could spare for the relief of the sufferers. I found I could give trousers, shirts, a pair of drawers, a blanket, and several pocket-handkerchiefs; and as the other passengers did likewise, a very fair bundle was soon made up and sent on board the *Pyrmont*. . . . We had done all that we could for the help of the poor sufferers, and, a light breeze springing up, all sail was set, and we resumed our voyage south. . . .

April 11. — A few days since we spoke a vessel that we had been gradually coming up to for some time, and she proved to be the *George Thompson*, a splendid Aberdeen-built clipper, one of the fastest ships out of London. No sooner was this known than it became a matter of great interest as to whether we could overhaul her. Our ship, because of the height and strength of her spars, enables us to carry much more sail, and we are probably equal to the other ship in lighter breezes; but she, being clipper-built and so much sharper, has the advantage of us in heavier winds. The

captain was overjoyed at having gained upon the other vessel thus far, for she left London five days before we sailed from Plymouth. As we gradually drew nearer, the breeze freshened, and there became quite an exciting contest between the ships. We gained upon our rival, caught up to her, and gradually forged ahead, and at sundown the *George Thompson* was about six miles astern. Before we caught up to her she signaled to us, by way of chaff, "Signal us at Lloyds!" and when we had passed her, we signaled back, "We wish you a good voyage!"

The wind having freshened during the night, the *George Thompson* was seen gradually creeping up to us with all her sail set. The wind was on our beam, and the *George Thompson's* dark green hull seemed to us sometimes almost buried in the sea, and we only saw her slanting deck as she heeled over from the freshening breeze. What a cloud of canvas she carried! The spray flew up and over her decks as she plunged right through the water.

The day advanced; she continued to gain, and toward evening she passed on our weather side. The captain, of course, was savage; but the race was not lost yet. On the following day, with a lighter wind, we again overhauled our rival, and at

night left her four or five miles behind. Next day she was not to be seen. We had thus far completely outstripped the noted clipper.¹

We again begin to reconsider the question of giving an entertainment on board. The ordinary recreations of quoit-playing and such like have become unpopular, and a little variety is wanted. A reading from "Pickwick" is suggested; but can not we contrive to *act* a few scenes? We determine to get up three of the most attractive: 1st. The surprise of Mrs. Bardell in Pickwick's arms; 2nd. The notice of action from Dodson and Fogg; and, 3d. The trial scene. A great deal of time is, of course, occupied in getting up the scenes, and in the rehearsals, which occasion a good deal of amusement. A London gentleman promises to make a capital Sam Weller; our clergyman a very good Buzfuz; and our worthy young doctor the great Pickwick himself.

At length all is ready, and the affair comes off on the main hatch, where there is plenty of room. The theatre is rigged out with flags, and looks quite gay. The passengers of all classes assemble, and make a goodly company. The whole thing went off very well — indeed, much better than was expected — though I do not think the third-class

¹ It may, however, be added, that, though we did not again sight the *George Thompson* during our voyage, she arrived at Melbourne about forty-eight hours before our ship

passengers quite appreciated the wit of the piece. Strange to say, the greatest success of the evening was the one least expected — the character of Mrs. Cluppins. One of the middies, who took the part, was splendid, and evoked roars of laughter. . . .

One of the most popular amusements is “ fishing ” for an albatross. . . . The first albatross we caught was not a very large one, being only about ten feet from tip to tip of the wings, whereas the larger birds measure from twelve to thirteen feet. The bird, when caught, was held firmly down, and dispatched by the doctor with the aid of prussic acid. He was then cut up, and his skin, for the sake of the feathers and plumage, divided among us. The head and neck fell to my share, and, after cleaning and dressing it, I hung my treasure by a string out of my cabin window; but, when I next went to look at it, lo! the string had been cut, and my albatross’s head and neck were gone.

All day the saloon and various cabins smelt very fishy by reason of the operations connected with the dissecting and cleaning of the several parts of the albatross. One was making a pipe-stem out of one of the long wing-bones. Another was making a tobacco-pouch out of the large feet of the bird. The doctor’s cabin was like a butcher’s shop in these bird-catching times. Part of his floor would

be occupied by the bloody skin of the great bird, stretched out upon boards, with the doctor on his knees beside it working away with his dissecting scissors and pincers, getting the large pieces of fat off the skin. Æsculapius seemed quite to relish the operation; while, on the other hand, the clergyman, who occupied the same cabin, held his handkerchief to his nose, and regarded the débris of flesh and feathers on the floor with horror and dismay. . . .

April 23.—More theatricals! “Sir Dagobert and the Dragon” is played, and comes off very well. The extemporized dresses and properties are the most amusing of all. The company next proceed to get up “Aladdin and the Wonderful Scamp” to pass the time, which hangs heavy on our hands. We now begin to long for the termination of our voyage. We have sailed about 10,000 miles, but have still about 3,000 more before us.

April 30.—Today we have made the longest run since we left Plymouth, not less than 290 miles in twenty-four hours. . . . For some days the wind keeps favorable, and our ship springs forward as if she knew her port, and was eager to reach it. A few more days and we may be in sight of Australia. We begin almost to count the hours. In anticipation of our arrival, the usual testimonial to the captain is set on foot, all being alike ready to bear

testimony to his courtesy and seamanship. On deck, the men begin to holystone the planks, polish up the brass-work, and make everything shipshape for port. The middies are at work here on the poop, each "with a sharp knife and a clear conscience," cutting away pieces of tarry rope. New ratlines are being fastened up across the shrouds. The standing rigging is re-tarred and shines black. The deck is fresh scraped as well as the mizzenmast, and the white paint-pot has been used freely. . . .

May 14. — After four days of contrary wind, it changed again, and we are now right for Melbourne. Our last theatrical performance came off with great *éclat*. The captain gave his parting supper after the performance; and the menu was remarkable, considering that we had been out eighty-one days from Gravesend. There were ducks, fowls, tongues, hams, with lobster salads, oyster pattés, jellies, blanc-manges, and dessert. Surely the art of preserving fresh meat and comestibles must have nearly reached perfection. To wind up, songs were sung, toasts proposed, and the captain's testimonial was presented amid great enthusiasm. . . .

May 21. — Our pilot comes on board early, and takes our ship in charge. He is a curious-looking object, more like a Jew bailiff than anything else I can think of, and very unlike an English salt.

But the man seems to know his work, and away we go, tugged by our steamer. . . . At 5 P.M. we were alongside the large wooden railway pier . . . and in the course of another quarter of an hour I found myself safely landed in the great city of the Antipodes.

X

THE FIRST TOUR-SHIP

X

THE FIRST TOUR-SHIP

TIME	— 1867.
PASSENGER	— <i>Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens).</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From New York to the Mediterranean.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Quaker City.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>The Innocents Abroad, or The New Pilgrim's Progress, by Mark Twain; Hartford, Conn., 1869.</i>

At the time the *Quaker City* Excursion was advertised Mark Twain was in New York. The novelty of the idea appealed to him and when the ship sailed he was among the sixty passengers aboard. The majority of the passengers, like those of a present day tour-ship, were elderly, but there were enough young people to make a pleasant and even gay company. Among them was Charles J. Langdon, and on the trip he showed Mark Twain a miniature of his sister, Olivia. Mark fell in love with her on the spot, and after the return of the expedition to America he met and married her. For a first venture the programme of the *Quaker City* Excursion was exceedingly ambitious. Besides various way points it included the entire Mediterranean and the Crimea. A committee of experts selected the steamer, letters were issued by the government commending the party to courtesies abroad, and

a battery of cannon was carried for saluting. Musical instruments and a library were included, as well as an experienced physician. Passengers were allowed to remain on the ship while in port, if they so desired, at no additional cost and all boating was at the expense of the ship. The cost of the passage was \$1200 for each adult passenger, and it was estimated that five dollars in gold a day would be sufficient for all expenses ashore. The ship sailed June 8, 1867 and returned November 19.

For months the great Pleasure Excursion to Europe and the Holy Land was chatted about in the newspapers everywhere in America, and discussed at countless firesides. It was a novelty in the way of excursions—its like had not been thought of before, and it compelled that interest which attractive novelties always command. It was to be a picnic on a gigantic scale. The participants in it, instead of freighting an ungainly steam ferry-boat with youth and beauty and pies and doughnuts, and paddling up some obscure creek to disembark upon a grassy lawn and wear themselves out with a long Summer day's laborious frolicking under the impression that it was fun, were to sail away in a great steamship with flags flying and cannon pealing, and take a royal holiday beyond the broad ocean, in many a strange clime and in many a land renowned in history! . . . It was a brave conception; it was the offspring of a most

ingenious brain. It was well advertised, but it hardly needed it; the bold originality, the extraordinary character, the seductive nature, and the vastness of the enterprise provoked comment everywhere. Who could read the programme of the excursion without longing to make one of the party? . . .

In the fullness of time the ship was ready to receive her passengers. I was introduced to the young gentleman who was to be my roommate, and found him to be intelligent, cheerful of spirit, unselfish, full of generous impulses, patient, considerate and wonderfully good-natured. . . . We selected a stateroom forward of the wheel, on the starboard side, below decks. It had two berths in it, a dismal dead-light, a sink with a wash-bowl, and a long sumptuously cushioned locker, which was to do service as a sofa — partly, and partly as a hiding-place for our things. Notwithstanding all this furniture, there was still room to turn around in, but not to swing a cat in, at least with entire security to the cat. However, the room was large, for a ship's stateroom, and was in every way satisfactory.

The vessel was appointed to sail on a certain Saturday early in June. A little after noon . . . I went on board. All was bustle and confusion. (I have seen that remark before, somewhere.) The

pier was crowded with carriages and men; passengers were arriving and hurrying on board; the vessel's decks were encumbered with trunks and valises; groups of excursionists, arrayed in unattractive traveling costumes, were moping about in a drizzling rain and looking as droopy and woe-begone as so many molting chickens. The gallant flag was up, but it was under the spell, too, and hung limp and disheartened by the mast. Altogether, it was the bluest, bluest spectacle! It was a pleasure excursion — there was no gainsaying that, because the programme said so — it was so nominated in the bond — but it surely hadn't the general aspect of one.

Finally, above the banging, and rumbling, and shouting and hissing of steam, rang the order to "cast off"! — a sudden rush to the gangways — a scampering ashore of visitors — a revolution of the wheels, and we were off — the picnic was begun! Two very mild cheers went up from the dripping crowd on the pier; we answered them gently from the slippery decks; the flag made an effort to wave, and failed; the "battery of guns" spake not — the ammunition was out.

We steamed down to the foot of the harbor and came to anchor. It was still raining. And not only raining, but storming. "Outside" we could see,

ourselves, that there was a tremendous sea on. We must lie still, in the calm harbor, till the storm should abate. Our passengers hailed from fifteen States; only a few of them had ever been to sea before; manifestly it would not do to pit them against a full-blown tempest until they had got their sealegs on. Toward evening the two steam-tugs that had accompanied us with a rollicking champagne-party of young New Yorkers on board who wished to bid farewell to one of our number in due and ancient form, departed and we were alone on the deep. On deep five fathoms and anchored fast to the bottom. And out in the solemn rain, at that. This was pleasure with a vengeance.

It was an appropriate relief when the gong sounded for prayer meeting. The first Saturday night of any other pleasure excursion might have been devoted to whist and dancing; but I submit it to the unprejudiced mind if it would have been in good taste for us to engage in such frivolities, considering what we had gone through and the frame of mind we were in. We would have shone at a wake, but not at anything more festive.

However, there is always a cheering influence about the sea; and in my berth, that night, rocked by the measured swell of the waves, and lulled by the murmur of the distant surf, I soon passed tran-

quilly out of all consciousness of the dreary experiences of the day and damaging premonitions of the future.

All day Sunday at anchor. The storm had gone down a great deal but the sea had not. It was still piling its frothy hills high in the air "outside," as we could plainly see with the glasses. We could not properly begin a pleasure excursion on Sunday; we could not offer untried stomachs to so pitiless a sea as that. We must lie still till Monday. And we did. But we had repetitions of church and prayer-meetings; and so, of course, we were just as eligibly situated as we could have been anywhere. . . .

The next morning we weighed anchor and went to sea. It was a great happiness to get away, after this dragging, dispiriting delay. I thought there never was such gladness in the air before, such brightness in the sun, such beauty in the sea. . . . It was breezy and pleasant, but the sea was still very rough. One could not promenade without risking his neck; at one moment the bowsprit was taking a deadly aim at the sun in mid-heaven, and at the next it was trying to harpoon a shark in the bottom of the ocean. What a weird sensation it is to feel the stern of the ship sinking swiftly from under you and see the bow climbing high away among the clouds! One's safest course, that



From "The Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain, New York, 1869

The First Morning at Sea



From "The Innocents Abroad," by Mark Twain, New York, 1869

The Start

day, was to clasp a railing and hang on; walking was too precarious a pastime.

By some happy fortune I was not seasick. That was a thing to be proud of. I had not always escaped before. If there is one thing in the world that will make a man peculiarly and insufferably self-conceited, it is to have his stomach behave itself the first day at sea when nearly all his comrades are seasick. Soon, a venerable fossil, shawled to the chin and bandaged like a mummy, appeared at the door of the after deck-house, and the next lurch of the ship shot him into my arms. I said:

“ Good-morning, Sir. It is a fine day.”

He put his hand to his stomach and said, “ Oh, my! ” and then staggered away and fell over the coop of a skylight.

Presently another old gentleman was projected from the same door with great violence. I said:

“ Calm yourself, Sir. There is no hurry. It is a fine day, Sir.”

He also put his hand to his stomach and said, “ Oh, my! ” and reeled away.

In a little while another veteran was discharged abruptly from the same door, clawing at the air for a saving support.

I said:

“ Good morning, Sir. It is a fine day for pleasuring. You were about to say — ? ”

"*Oh, my!*" . . .

I staid there and was bombarded with old gentlemen for an hour perhaps; and all I got out of any of them was "*Oh, my!*" . . .

I knew what was the matter with them. They were seasick. And I was glad of it. We all like to see people seasick when we are not. Playing whist by the cabin lamps when it is storming outside, is pleasant; walking the quarter-deck in the moonlight is pleasant; smoking in the breezy foretop is pleasant, when one is not afraid to go up there; but they are all feeble and commonplace compared with the joy of seeing people suffering the miseries of seasickness.

I picked up a good deal of information during the afternoon. At one time I was climbing up the quarter-deck when the ship's stern was in the sky; I was smoking a cigar and feeling passably comfortable. Somebody ejaculated:

"Come, now, *that* won't answer. Read the sign up there — No Smoking Aft the Wheel!"

It was Captain Duncan, chief of the expedition. I went forward, of course. I saw a long spy-glass lying on a deck in one of the upper-deck state-rooms back of the pilot-house, and reached after it — there was a ship in the distance:

"Ah, ah — hands off! Come out of that!"

I came out of that. I said to a deck sweep — but in a low voice:

“ Who is that overgrown pirate with the whiskers and the discordant voice? ”

“ It’s Captain Bursley — executive officer — sailing master.”

I loitered about a while, and then, for want of something better to do, fell to carving a rail with my knife. Somebody said, in an insinuating, admonitory voice:

“ Now *say* — my friend — don’t you know any better than to be whittling the ship all to pieces that way? *You* ought to know better than that.”

I went back and found the deck sweep:

“ Who is that smooth-faced animated outrage yonder in the fine clothes? ”

“ That’s Captain L——, the owner of the ship — he’s one of the main bosses.”

In the course of time I brought up on the star-board side of the pilot-house, and found a sextant lying on a bench. Now, I said, they “ take the sun ” through this thing; I should think I might see that vessel through it. I had hardly got it to my eye when someone touched me on the shoulder and said, deprecatingly:

“ I’ll have to get you to give that to me, Sir. If there’s anything you’d like to know about taking

the sun, I'd as soon tell you as not — but I don't like to trust anybody with that instrument. If you want any figuring done — Aye, aye, Sir! ”

He was gone, to answer a call from the other side. I sought the deck sweep:

“ Who is that spider-legged gorilla yonder with the sanctimonious countenance? ”

“ It's Captain Jones, Sir — the chief mate.”

“ Well. This goes clear away ahead of anything I ever heard of before. Do you — now I ask you as a man and a brother — do you think I could venture to throw a rock here in any given direction without hitting a captain of this ship? ”

“ Well, Sir, I don't know — I think likely you'd fetch the captain of the watch, maybe, because he's a-standing right yonder in the way.”

I went below — meditating, and a little down-hearted. I thought, if five cooks can spoil a broth, what may not five captains do with a pleasure excursion?

We plowed along bravely for a week or more, and without any conflict of jurisdiction among the captains worth mentioning. The passengers soon learned to accommodate themselves to their new circumstances, and life in the ship became nearly as systematically monotonous as the routine of a barrack. I do not mean that it was dull, for it was not entirely so by any means — but there

was a good deal of sameness about it. As is always the fashion at sea, the passengers shortly began to pick up sailor terms — a sign that they were beginning to feel at home. Half past six was no longer half past six to these pilgrims from New England, the South, and the Mississippi Valley; it was “seven bells,” eight, twelve and four o’clock were “eight bells”; the captain did not take the longitude at nine o’clock, but at “two bells.” They spoke glibly of the “after cabin,” the “for’ard cabin,” “port and starboard” and the “fo’castle.”

At seven bells the first gong rang; at eight there was breakfast, for such as were not too seasick to eat it. After that all the well people walked arm in arm up and down the long promenade deck, enjoying the fine Summer mornings, and the seasick ones crawled out and propped themselves up in the lee of the paddle-boxes and ate their dismal tea and toast, and looked wretched. From eleven o’clock until luncheon, and from luncheon until dinner at six in the evening, the employments and amusements were various. Some reading was done; and much smoking and sewing, though not by the same parties; there were the monsters of the deep to be looked after and wondered at; strange ships had to be scrutinized through opera glasses, and sage decisions arrived at concerning them; and

more than that, everybody took a personal interest in seeing that the flag was run up and politely dipped three times in response to the salutes of those strangers; in the smoking-room there were always parties of gentlemen playing euchre, draughts and dominoes, especially dominoes, that delightfully harmless game; and down on the main deck, "for'rard" — for'rard of the chicken coops and cattle — we had what was called "horse-billiards."

Horse-billiards is a fine game. It affords good active exercise, hilarity, and consuming excitement. It is a mixture of hop-scotch and shuffle-board played with a crutch. A large hop-scotch diagram is marked out on the deck with chalk, and each compartment numbered. You stand off three or four steps, with some broad wooden disks before you on the deck, and these you send forward with a vigorous thrust of the crutch. If a disk stops on a chalk line, it does not count anything. If it stops in Division No. 7, it counts 7; in 5, it counts 5, and so on. The game is 100 and four can play at a time. That game would be very simple played on a stationary floor, but with us, to play it well required science. We had to allow for the reeling of the ship to the right or the left. Very often one made calculations for a reel to the right and the ship did not go that way. The conse-

quence was that the disk missed the whole hopscotch plan a yard or two, and then there was humiliation on one side and laughter on the other.

When it rained the passengers had to stay in the house, of course — or at least the cabins — and amuse themselves with games, reading, looking out the windows at the very familiar billows, and talking gossip.

By 7 o'clock in the evening, dinner was about over; an hour's promenade on the upper deck followed; then the gong sounded and a large majority of the party repaired to the after cabin (upper), a handsome saloon fifty or sixty feet long, for prayers. The unregenerated called this saloon the "synagogue." The devotions consisted only of two hymns from the Plymouth Collection, and a short prayer, and seldom occupied more than fifteen minutes. The hymns were accompanied with parlor-organ music when the sea was smooth enough to allow a performer to sit at the instrument without being lashed to his chair.

After prayers the synagogue shortly took the semblance of a writing-school. The like of that picture was never seen in a ship before. Behind the long dining-tables on either side of the saloon, and scattered from one end to the other of the latter, twenty or thirty gentlemen and ladies sat them down under the swaying lamps, and for two

or three hours wrote diligently in their journals. Alas! that journals so voluminously begun should come to so lame and impotent a conclusion as most of them did! I doubt if there is a single pilgrim of all that host but can show a hundred fair pages of journal concerning the first twenty days' voyaging in the *Quaker City*; and I am morally certain that not ten of the party can show twenty pages of journal for the succeeding twenty thousand miles of voyaging! . . .

A good many expedients were resorted to to keep the excursionists amused and satisfied. A club was formed of all the passengers, which met in the writing-school after prayers and read aloud about the countries we were approaching, and discussed the information so obtained.

Several times the photographer of the expedition brought out his transparent pictures and gave us a handsome magic-lantern exhibition. His views were nearly all of foreign scenes, but there were one or two home pictures among them. He advertised that he would "open his performance in the after cabin at 'two bells' (9 P.M.) and show the passengers where they shall eventually arrive" — which was all very well, but by a funny accident the first picture that flamed out upon the canvas was a view of Greenwood Cemetery!

On several starlight nights we danced on the

upper deck, under the awnings, and made something of a ballroom display of brilliancy by hanging a number of ship's lanterns to the stanchions. Our music consisted of the well-mixed strains of a melodeon which was a little asthmatic and apt to ketch its breath where it ought to come out strong; a clarinet which was a little unreliable on the high keys and rather melancholy on the low ones; and a disreputable accordion that had a leak somewhere and breathed louder than it squawked — a more elegant term does not occur to me just now.

However, the dancing was infinitely worse than the music. When the ship rolled to starboard the whole platoon of dancers came charging down to starboard with it, and brought up in mass at the rail; and when it rolled to port, they went floundering down to port with the same unanimity of sentiment. Waltzers spun around precariously for a matter of fifteen seconds and then went skurrying down to the rail as if they meant to go overboard. The Virginia reel, as performed on board the *Quaker City*, had more genuine reel about it than any reel I ever saw before, and was as full of interest to the spectators as it was full of desperate chances and hairbreath escapes to the participants. We gave up dancing, finally.

We celebrated a lady's birthday anniversary,

with toasts, speeches, a poem, and so forth. We also had a mock trial. No ship ever went to sea that hadn't a mock trial on board. The purser was accused of stealing an overcoat from stateroom No. 10. A judge was appointed; also clerks, a crier of the court, constables, sheriffs; counsel for the State and for the defendant; witnesses were subpoenaed, and a jury empaneled after much challenging. The witnesses were stupid, and unreliable and contradictory, as witnesses always are. The counsel was eloquent, argumentative and vindictively abusive of each other, as was characteristic and proper. The case was at last submitted, and duly finished by the judge with an absurd decision and a ridiculous sentence.

The acting of charades was tried, on several evenings, by the young gentlemen and ladies, in the cabins, and proved the most distinguished success of all the amusement experiments.

An attempt was made to organize a debating club, but it was a failure. There was no oratorical talent in the ship.

We all enjoyed ourselves — I think I can safely say that, but it was in a rather quiet way. We very, very seldom played the piano; we played the flute and the clarinet together, and made good music, too, what there was of it, but we always played the

same old tune; it was a very pretty tune — how well I remember it — I wonder when I shall ever get rid of it. . . .

Taking it “by and large,” as the sailors say, we had a pleasant ten days’ run from New York to the Azores Islands — not a fast run, for the distance is only twenty-four hundred miles — but a right pleasant one, in the main. True, we had head-winds *all* the time, and several stormy experiences which sent fifty per cent of the passengers to bed, sick, and made the ship look dismal and deserted — stormy experiences that all will remember who weathered them on the tumbling deck, and caught the vast sheets of spray that every now and then sprang high in the air from the weather bow and swept the ship like a thunder-shower; but for the most part we had balmy Summer weather, and nights that were even finer than the days. . . .

At three o’clock on the morning of June 21, we were awakened and notified that the Azores Islands were in sight. I said I did not take any interest in islands at three o’clock in the morning. But another persecutor came, and then another and another, and finally, believing that the general enthusiasm would permit no one to slumber in peace, I got up and went sleepily on deck. It was five and a half o’clock now, and a raw, blustering

morning. The passengers were huddled about the smoke-stacks and fortified behind ventilators, and all were wrapped in wintery costumes, and looking sleepy and unhappy in the pitiless gale and the drenching spray.

The island in sight was Flores. It seemed only a mountain of mud standing up out of the dull mists of the sea. But as we bore down upon it, the sun came out and made it a beautiful picture — a mass of green farms and meadows that swelled up to a height of fifteen hundred feet, and mingled its upper outlines with the clouds. . . .

We skirted around two thirds of the island, four miles from shore, and all the opera-glasses in the ship were called into requisition to settle disputes as to whether mossy spots on the uplands were groves of trees or groves of weeds, or whether the white villages down by the sea were really villages or only the clustering tombstones of cemeteries. Finally, we stood to sea and bore away for San Miguel, and Flores shortly became a dome of mud again, and sank down among the mists and disappeared. But to many a seasick passenger it was good to see the green hills again, and all were more cheerful after this episode than anybody could have expected them to be, considering how sinfully early they had gotten up. . . .

We are now on our way to Gibraltar, and

shall reach there five or six days out from the Azores. . . .

A week of buffeting; a tempestuous and relentless sea; a week of seasickness and deserted cabins; of lonely quarter-decks drenched with spray — spray so ambitious that it even coated the smoke-stacks thick with a white crust of salt to their very tops; a week of shivering in the shelter of the life-boats and the deck-houses by day and blowing suffocating “ clouds ” and boisterously performing at dominoes in the smoking-room at night.

And the last night of the seven was the stormiest of all. There was no thunder, no noise but the pounding bows of the ship, the keen whistle of the gale through the cordage, and the rush of the seething waters. . . . Fear drove many on deck that were used to avoiding the night winds and spray. Some thought the vessel could not live through the night, and it seemed less dreadful to stand out in the midst of the wild tempest and *see* the peril that threatened them than to be shut up in the sepulchral cabins, under the dim lamps and imagine the horrors that were abroad on the ocean. And once out — once where they could see the ship struggle in the strong grasp of the storm — once where they could hear the shriek of the winds, and face the driving spray and look out upon the majestic picture the lightning disclosed, they

were prisoners to a fierce fascination they could not resist, and so remained. It was a wild night — and a very, very long one.

Everybody was sent scampering to the deck at seven o'clock this lovely morning on June 30 with the glad news that land was in sight! It was a rare thing and a joyful, to see all the ship's family abroad once more, albeit the happiness that sat upon every countenance could only partly conceal the ravages which that long siege of storms had wrought there. . . .

Within the hour we were fairly within the Straits of Gibraltar, the tall yellow-splotched hills of Africa on our right. . . . On our left were the granite-ribbed domes of old Spain.

XI

SAVING THE SAILORS

XI

SAVING THE SAILORS

TIME	— 1867.
PASSENGER	— <i>The Rev. Newman Hall.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Liverpool to Boston.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Cuba.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>From Liverpool to St. Louis, by the Rev. Newman Hall, London, 1870.</i>

The Rev. Newman Hall was born in England in 1816 and died there in 1902. He was a Congregationalist minister, an evangelist, a lecturer and a writer on religious subjects. During the Civil War in America he became an ardent Abolitionist and traveled over England arousing sympathy for the North. He visited America in 1870 and was entertained by the clergy of the Northern States as far west as St. Louis.

On Saturday, August 17, 1867, I embarked with my friend and traveling companion, the Rev. R. Balgarnie, on board the Cunard ship *Cuba*, commanded by Captain Stone. The deck of the tender, as it put back for the shore, was crowded with people who had come to see their friends off, and who waved their handkerchiefs till the lessening distance rendered us no longer distinguishable to each other.

We were upwards of two hundred passengers. Both the saloons were crowded. The first business was, by placing a card, to secure a seat at table for the voyage. Unluckily, we were not alive to this, and had to sit just above the screw, which is anything but soothing and conducive to digestion. Let all travelers on this Broadway secure sleeping-berths and seats as far as possible from the screw. We weighed anchor at noon. The first hour was one of great bustle; identifying luggage, selecting from that which was to be lowered into the hold as much as was needed for the voyage, finding the sleeping-berths, and arranging the few articles of comfort those narrow cells could hold.

We were soon in the open sea. . . . At four o'clock we were summoned to dinner, and had an opportunity of making some inspection of our fellow-passengers. The chief portion were Americans returning from their Continental tour. . . . At our table we had partisans of slavery from the South, zealous Emancipationists from Boston, adventurers of California and the Far West, and one young man who seemed to live only to eat, and whose performances and comments on the food approached the very sublime of absurdity, and formed some diversion from the monotonous grinding and grumbling of the screw beneath. . . .

The ship was beginning to pitch, and I went



Illustrated London News, December 10, 1864

The *Cuba* of the Cunard Line

forward to enjoy the waves and the fresh breeze, but was at once warned off the foredeck by the officer, who said, "She may dive and ship a sea." "But I could hold on?" "No, you couldn't!" I acted on the advice, though there was no sign of danger. I heard many anecdotes during the voyage of accidents which had occurred to passengers through disobedience to orders of which they could not see the reason. . . .

We were favored with a cabin on deck, the second officer's. This is a great advantage, especially in Summer. We were away from the crowd of passengers below, could open our window and breathe the fresh air, and could step out at once upon deck. Each of us had just room to lie flat without turning; and between the two shelf-beds there was barely room for one of us to stand, taking turns at dressing. . . .

Monday, August 19. — Roused up by a book falling on my head from the shelf above. Saw coats, &c., swinging violently. A sudden lurch of the ship sent all our movables to the floor, where they writhed about in great confusion. . . . Felt disposed to lie still till luncheon. Met very few of our fellow-passengers at the table, which had guards along the edges and down the middle, to keep the plates and glasses from being thrown off. . . .

Tuesday, August 20. — From stem to stern of the ship I counted one hundred and forty good paces. Let me try to describe the deck. There is a row of structures along it, leaving room for two people to pass between them and the bulwarks. Next the stern is the wheel-house, where the quartermasters steer, protected from the weather, and having a window through which they can look along the deck. Then come, in succession, the large saloon, pantries, smoking-house, engine-house, officers' cabins, and fore-saloon. Then follows the post-office with its pigeon-holes all around, where the postmaster and his assistants are occupied the entire voyage in sorting the letters for their various destinations in the Western world. Beyond this is the forecastle, with the seamen's quarters. Above these is the upper deck, affording a grand promenade. Behind the roof of the wheel-house is the taffrail, where I often used to sit with my back to the ship, seeing only the sky and the great ocean, with the long wake we made. . . .

I noticed how orders are given. The officer on duty passes the word to the boatswain, whose whistle summons the men, and who tells them what to do, and then marks the time of their pulling by his whistle; then, by a sort of final flourish or shake, he bids them "fasten on." There is always some-

thing interesting going forward. Often in the day they "heave the log." A line is attached to it, divided by colored knots into distances, which bear the same proportion to the nautical mile as the time of emptying the sand-glass, which the officer holds, bears to an hour. At a given signal the "log" is let go, and the line runs out; then, when the sand has run through, another signal stops the line. The number of knots which have run out show the number of miles per hour which the ship is then making. This day, with the wind astern, we made fourteen knots; afterward the wind got around to the westward, and we sailed "very near" to it, making only thirteen.

Wednesday, August 21. — Feeding is a great institution during the voyage, and the many meals give pleasant opportunities to the passengers for friendly reunions. The breakfast bell rings at 8.30, when a varied and abundant table is spread. Luncheon at noon. Dinner of first-class quality at 4. Tea at 7. Supper at 9.30. The sea-air and exercise on deck enable many to do justice to every opportunity. . . .

I heard some characteristic anecdotes of our captain. I had been warned against the *Cuba*, because he was so taciturn he would not talk to the passengers. . . . Passing through the fogs off New-

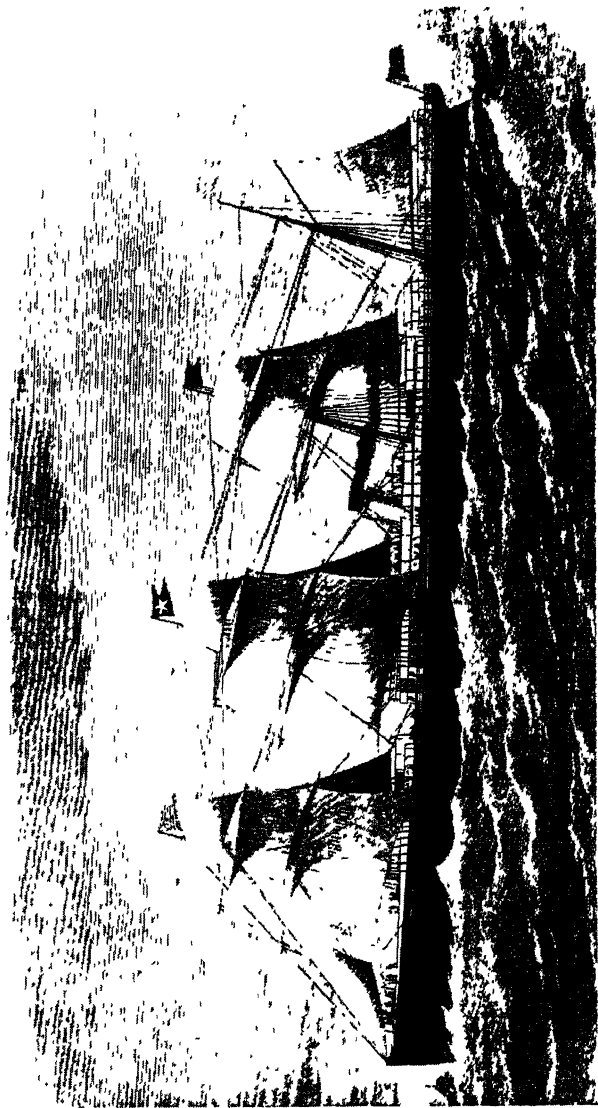
foundland, a lady asked him if it was always foggy there, and received this reply: "Don't know, ma'am; don't live there!"

Friday, August 23. — "Where's the wind to-day?" A seaman answers, "Where it should be." It was dead against us, and thus the sails could not be used, and the sailors had little to do. We were only going ten knots and were sorry. Jack was glad.

Saturday, August 24. — Inspected the machinery. Admired the exact regularity with which every piston and wheel worked, though the ship was rolling. Noticed the contrivance for shutting off the steam from the screw when lifted by waves out of the water; also the multiplying wheel for conveying motion to the spindle of the screw. There are twenty-four furnaces, twelve on each side. Wonderful that such a body of fire can be maintained in the midst of the water, and yet not consume the ship! The daily consumption of coal is 84 tons. The stokers, thirty in number, are divided into three bands, each working four hours, and resting eight.

After breakfast a mock trial was got up in the saloon. . . .

The young man next us at table, already alluded to, never flagged in his interest in the cere-



Illustrated London News, April 27, 1872

The *Adriatic* of the White Star Line

mony of dinner. Poor steward! "George" this "George" that, was unceasing. "George! cut me a piece of beef — near the bone! Ah, he's cutting it near the bone, just where I told him; isn't it nice?" "George! some white-meated fowl!" "White-meated fowl gone, sir." "Tut-tut-tut! sausages, then, George." "Sausages go with the turkey." "Turkey, then, and sausages, George." "Turkey, gone, sir." "Tut-tut-tut! we've had nothing — can get no dinner!" Tables all the while covered with endless variety of joints and *entrées*.

In the afternoon we visited the seamen in the forecabin, during the dog-watch. . . . We found a sailor dancing a Highland fling to the notes of two fiddles. Was this a difficulty in the way of our intended religious visit? By no means. We praised both fiddlers and the athlete. Then my friend told a thrilling tale of shipwreck, with here and there an important lesson. The men dropped their papers, or ceased their card playing, or hastily finished their tea and clustered round their visitors. Other tales followed; then we sang a hymn, and asked them to join in the chorus. They begged us to repeat our visit. The next day we chatted with them familiarly, and again told them tales; my friend also gave them a poetical recitation, and

when we ended with prayer, manly tears were in the eyes of many of these rough sailors. . . .

Sunday, August 25. — Morning and evening service as before. . . . Hymn singing on deck at night. . . .

Wednesday, August 28. — Boston.

XII

EASTWARD BOUND IN THE
GREAT EASTERN

XII

EASTWARD BOUND IN THE GREAT EASTERN

TIME	— 1863.
PASSENGER	— Mrs. E. A. Forbes.
VOYAGE	— From Flushing, L. I. to Liverpool.
SHIP	— The Great Eastern.
SOURCE	— <i>A Woman's First Impressions of Europe, Being Wayside Sketches Made During a Short Tour in the Year 1863, by Mrs. E. A. Forbes; New York, 1865, pp. 9 to 22.</i>

The *Great Eastern*, launched at Milwall on the Thames in 1858, registered nearly 25,000 tons, and remained the largest craft ever built until the appearance of the White Star liner *Celtic* in 1901. There were difficulties about her launching, and by the time she finally got into service her owners were bankrupt. She had been intended for the Australian trade, but she was first sent upon an experimental voyage to New York. The channels leading to the docks of Manhattan Island were then too shallow to admit her, so she had to dock at Flushing on Long Island, now a part of Brooklyn. She made many other trans-Atlantic voyages during the years of the American Civil War. In 1865 she was chartered to lay the first successful Atlantic cable. She continued as a cable-ship until 1884,

when she became a coal hulk in the harbor of Gibraltar. Three years later she was broken up. She was 680 feet long, 83 feet wide and 60 feet deep, and had room for 800 first-cabin, 2000 second-cabin and 1200 steerage passengers, and a crew of 480. She had both paddle-wheels and a screw propeller, and also carried sails. Mrs. Forbes, in the introduction to her book, gives ill health as her reason for going abroad. She traveled with a group of friends and seems to have had no difficulty getting around and seeing everything that was worth the trouble. Except for the little she says of herself in her book nothing has been learned about her.

We left Flushing yesterday, July 21, 1863, at 1 o'clock P.M. It was blowing a gale, yet the great ship got under weigh without making us aware that she had left her moorings. She held on her course without perceptible motion until we left the Sound, and since, nothing beyond a slight roll reminds us that we are not upon *terra firma*.

This morning we passed one of our gunboats pitching and tossing upon the waves, and later in the day have seen a veritable whale spouting in the distance. The day is charming and the deck resembles the street of a city. We find our state-rooms delightful. The time is apparently measured only by alternate seasons of eating and sleeping. We breakfast at eight, lunch at twelve, dine at five, and take tea at any late hour until ten.



From a lithograph of the painting by Edwin Hredon

The Great Eastern 1859

The lights are extinguished at half-past eleven. A trumpet is blown in each companionway to summon us to table, and a band discourses sweet music at intervals, winding up the night with "God Save the Queen." The number of passengers is said to be between two and three hundred.

July 23. — The sea still smooth as a river — the day charming — no symptom of seasickness possible. The magnificent ship holds her stately way as if she were an island set adrift upon the waters. She is indeed a little world within herself. Her regular quota of officials is four hundred and eighty, and she registers twenty-five thousand tons.

We have been upon deck all the morning, and its size, and the multitudes of people everywhere astir, destroy entirely the effect of isolation which we usually connect with the idea of a ship alone in an amphitheatre of sea and sky. A programme of games among the sailors for this afternoon has been put aside for the funeral of a little child among the steerage passengers. My heart aches for the mother who leaves her baby in these lone waters. A ball announced for eight o'clock will probably be postponed also.

July 24. — Another charming day. There is a stiff breeze, which, however, produces no perceptible effect upon the motion of the ship. For the last two days, we have made two hundred and

ninety miles each, and our entire progress amounts to eight hundred and thirty-five miles since we weighed anchor in Flushing Bay. The ball came off, and lasted until nearly midnight. The postponed games are to be instituted this afternoon. Meanwhile, we enjoy the afternoon regulation nap; an unlimited capacity for sleep seeming to be among the legitimate effects of seagoing. This morning, as I looked out at the porthole, I saw an oar floating by — perhaps borne away by the tide from the peaceful shore — perhaps only the relic of some nameless wreck, for whose return loving eyes have grown dim with watching — perhaps it was plied by some lone wanderer towards a hope of safety, until death unnerved his grasp, and he sank down to be drifted out to the mighty sepulchre, which enshrouds alike the wealth of past ages and the baby of yesterday.

July 25. — I do not know two more incongruous personalities than a Yankee ashore and a Yankee at sea. It would be decidedly to the advantage of the “universal nation” if it could be set afloat, and learn to enjoy the delicious dreamy idleness of ship life. It seems impossible to settle one’s self to any more intense mental activity than may consist with watching the lazy dip of the distant horizon as the great ship rolls gently from side to side. Occasionally a distant sail attracts universal atten-

tion, but for my own part I should scarcely have believed it possible to spend so many days without a real thought.

This morning opened fair, with a strong breeze, but on going on deck this afternoon we found ourselves enveloped in a thick fog. The ship goes on with diminished speed, blowing a warning whistle at short intervals, with good reason, for we are on the Banks, and have passed a fleet of fishing boats with their small craft out. Little chance for the unlucky vessel which fails to keep a good lookout for the Leviathan.

The amusements of yesterday and today have had the attraction of novelty at least. They have been foot races, sack races, steeple chases, hurdle races and cock fights. The last mentioned not being the inhuman sport of the feathered tribe, but a good-natured set-to of the biped of more pretensions. It is conducted on this wise. Two men, having their hands tied, clasp their knees, and a stout stick is thrust under the knees and over the arms. Then, sitting upon the deck, face to face, they fight with the feet; the object of each man being to throw his opponent on his back by inserting his toes under his feet. The match evidently requires much coolness and dexterity, and the last one was prolonged until the intensity of concentration and watchfulness on the part of the com-

batants became something painful. The winner is he who first throws his adversary three times.

The sack race is very amusing. The men are tied in sacks to their throats, feet, hands and all, and accomplish their progress by hopping within their limited accommodations — of course, the slightest mischance sends them rolling helplessly upon the ground. In addition to the interest common to all the spectators, the races have evidently gratified the English thirst for betting.

The weather grows cold, but it is delightful and invigorating. I have not yet come to a realizing sense of being at sea, more than a thousand miles from home, and am half inclined to fancy that the vivid descriptions of self-consciousness which belong to the literature of the sea must be written after one has reached dry land.

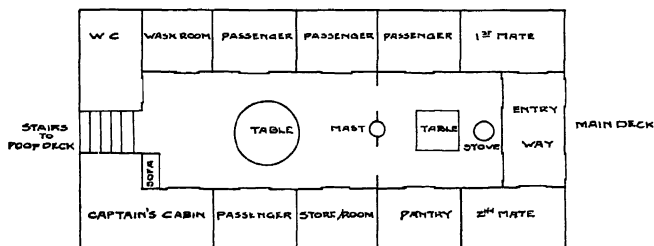
July 29. — The foregoing hiatus is chargeable to the account of Neptune and his angry nymphs, as I shall proceed to show.

On Sunday morning we came upon the wake of an old gale, which, having been perhaps balked of the mischief for which it was brewed, proceeded to wreak its vengeance upon us innocent voyagers. We assembled in the grand saloon at eleven o'clock for divine service. The captain, having been up all night, declined his accustomed office of chap-



Illustrated London News, July 28, 1859

Family Saloon Cabin in the *Great Eastern*



Cabin of a Sailing Ship of About 1860

lain, which devolved, in consequence, upon a Presbyterian minister, who received private instructions in the purser's cabin on the English service. The lessons were read by the Rev. Gordon Hall, son of the first American missionary to India, and the service preached by a Scotch minister from Toronto. The band led the music in the adjoining saloon. This was one of three services held at the same time in the enormous vessel.

For my own part, I soon became aware that the ship had added to her usual roll a peculiar lifting of her forefoot, producing a gastric complication by no means enviable, and I prudently seated myself near the door; where, having remained until the conclusion of the morning prayer, I found it expedient to beat a hasty retreat; and for a few moments my personal experience of the malady of the sea would have satisfied the wishes of my best medical adviser. But the disease is fatal to neither life nor spirits, and although I had missed the sermon, I stood at the porthole, and the magnificent waves took to themselves a text and preached to me a solitary sermon upon the might of Him who has poured these resistless waters from the hollow of His hand, and yet has made of the sand a bond to the sea that it shall not pass over. I remarked, too, that the angrier the wave, the more beautiful was its crest, and I thought of His tender love, that

outrides the billows' turmoil and pain, and brings, even out of their depths, joy and peace by the light of His countenance.

But the gale freshened, and presently the movables of our domain broke away and went adrift — chairs, tables, and trunks performing gyrations after the most approved style of a modern waltz; while the peregrinations of the inhabitants were performed upon decidedly original principles. But the careful steward of the bedchamber soon made all fast; hooked up the tables, screwed up the port, made a barricade of the luggage before my sofa, confiscated one chair and made a *chevaux-de-frise* of the other, and left us all prostrate at the altar of the Tritons.

However, it is not to be supposed that we were so wanting to ourselves as to be absent from the table, and the ludicrous scenes of the dining-room abundantly compensated us for the effort. The guards prevented an escapade of the dishes, but not necessarily of their contents. The reckless wight who took soup took a good deal of it; my *vis-à-vis* ate his duck, but pocketed the olives: somersaults were in fashion, and the waiters scrambled about, distributing the viands impartially between the guests and the floor. A sudden lurch made a cataract of the china upon the sideboard, while the same blow sent the dessert flying about the



Illustrated London News, August 20, 1859

The Grand Saloon of the *Great Eastern*

kitchen floor. Nobody slept at night; some of the waves broke over our port, fifty feet above the water level, and washed the boats at the davits. The only sight visible through the darkness was the window, like the great eye of Neptune, now staring at us from above, now peering at us from below. Among the rest of the unearthly noises of the night, was the flapping of canvas, as the sailors struggled to set the main topsail to steady the ship. The struggle was short, and the sail went by the board, with a report like the crack of artillery. The tattered remnants still cling to the heavy yard.

With all this, there was neither storm nor danger, but an experience which one would not miss, as a part of the legitimate routine of seagoing. Our cabin is a cosy home of our own, so arranged that it becomes at pleasure one room or two; my own domain especially comfortable, as, with my friends' usual kind consideration for my comfort, I am bestowed where I am "rocked in the cradle of the deep," instead of playing at seesaw with my head and feet. We are especially favored with good ventilation, as, besides the porthole, we have a window communicating through the deck with the outer air, and also with a tartarus of a fire-hole in the abyss below. It is curious to watch at night the weird effect of the grimy demon of those pro-

found depths, as he stirs the raging fires, and eminently suggestive also of the potentialities hanging on his watchfulness.

On Monday and Tuesday we had a heavy sea, but we have crossed the gale, and are out of the rolling forties. Notwithstanding the roll, it has been delightful on deck, and we cannot sufficiently congratulate ourselves that we are established in such a stately palace of motion, and can enjoy the rough sea without being driven below by the waves.

It rains today and we have taken refuge in whist. We have advanced many degrees toward the sun rising, and it requires a fresh calculation every day to follow home friends, God bless them, through home avocations.

Another death occurred on board yesterday — that of a woman traveling to England to die. Her husband and children are with her. Her disease was a hopelessly advanced cancer, and the sickness of the rough night induced a hemorrhage, which hastened her sufferings to a close. She is to be taken to land for burial. I do not know that there is anything very terrible in the thought of being consigned to this vast sepulchre of the dead, where no foot of Mammon may disturb the long repose; where the solemn requiem of wind and wave rings ever above the spot, marked only by the eye of

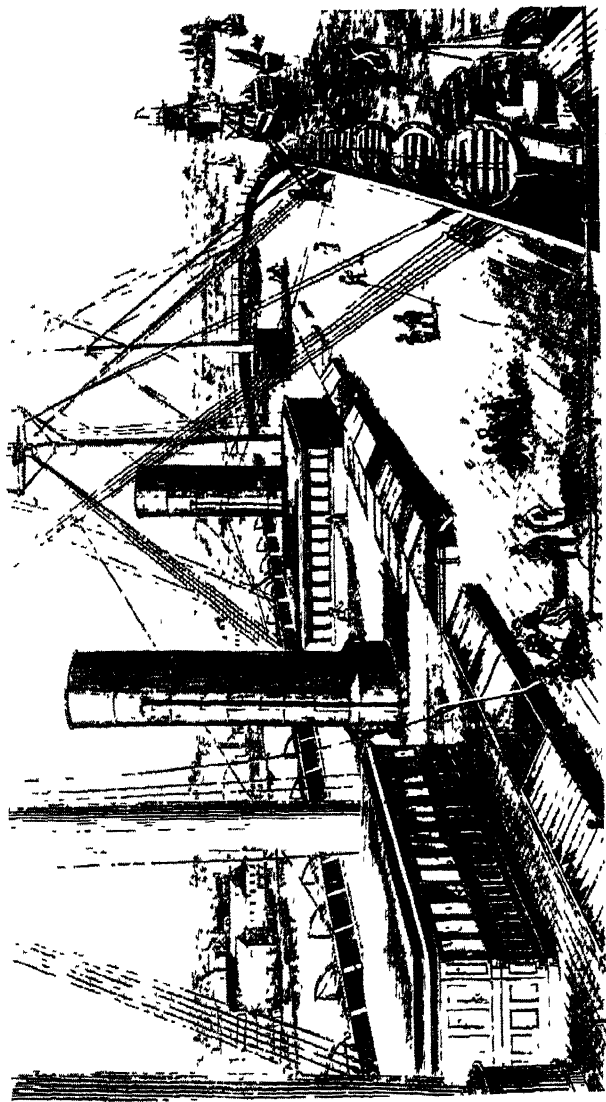
Him who knows where to find His beloved when the sea shall give up its dead.

July 30. — The weather, rainy for some days, is making an effort at sunlight — the sea steady — but it is not a good day for the deck.

The event of yesterday was a musical soiree, for the benefit of the band, which has contributed so largely to our enjoyment on board. It was difficult to remember that we were on shipboard thousands of miles at sea. The grand saloon, a splendid well-lighted parlor, filled with well-dressed people, the charming band, the amateur volunteers, both gentlemen and ladies, differed in nothing — except, perhaps in their superiority — from a similar scene in the parlor of a fashionable watering place; while in the steady way of the great ship there was nothing to remind us that we were ploughing the unstable waves. We had Italian music and ballads — some admirable performances upon the piano. A fine barytone gave us “The Old Sexton,” “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,” and “Twenty Years Ago” — the last-mentioned going straight down into the depths of the heart. We had, in addition, some amusing feats of legerdemain and ventriloquism; wound up with “The Marseillaise,” “The Star-Spangled Banner” and “God Save the Queen,” and went home near midnight highly gratified.

It is a matter of continual regret that the splendid ship, which we so much enjoy, should, in any respect, fail to deserve the suffrages of the traveling public. But, while in security, accommodations and pleasure it is inimitable, the table is unpardonably deficient. The viands are badly (not scantily) furnished, and worse cooked. It is a matter of comparatively little importance to me, but it is a pity that an establishment, otherwise so perfect, should fail in a point essential to general comfort and to the reputation of the vessel. However, I am willing to compound for its many advantages with the temporary discomfort of the table; and undoubtedly, the mortification attendant upon the faults of the present trip will prevent their recurrence. We are to have races again this afternoon, and a dance this evening.

July 31. — Once more a delicious day — the air bland with the soft South wind, and the sea quiet as a lake. Made the first land a little past one, and I can no more realize that we are running down the coast of Ireland than if I had been making only a trip up the Hudson — moreover, we have had no tedium at sea, to make us hail the sight of land with any enthusiasm for the land's sake. Having never enjoyed a more delightful week in my life, I am in no haste to urge it to a close, and in no



Illustrated London News, *Vol. 17, 1850*

Deck of the *Great Eastern*, Looking Astern

humor to lose the intensity of present enjoyment in visions of anticipation.

Yesterday was the captain's dinner, and, as my first experience of a public dinner, I shall not readily forget it. The dinner was a handsome one, wine plentifully bestowed, and after the cloth was removed came toasts and speeches. The captain led off by proposing with appropriate speeches the Queen, and the American Nation. Nobody taking upon himself the representation of either personality, the toasts were drunk with acclamation, and then came Mr. R., briefly but happily proposing the captain. His speech was not only applauded, but afterwards warmly commended by the passengers. Captain Paton's reply was very good, defining his position in a modest yet dignified manner, and taking the occasion to express the pain which the failure of his agents of supply in New York had caused him, in such a hearty earnest way, that everybody felt there was nothing more to be said upon the subject.

The surgeon, the purser and the first officer were then called out. The ladies made their acknowledgment by the mouth of some English gentleman. Afterwards came more speeches and toasts, prolonging the affair a trifle beyond the limits of good taste, and concluding with the captain's speech in

behalf of Mrs. Paton. It was all quite exciting to me, and had, besides, the charm of novelty.

The evening was spent in the ball-room. I wish I could picture the scene to home eyes, by way of contrast to the commonly received ideas of even pleasant life on shipboard. Here was an elegant room, about sixty by thirty feet in extent, brilliantly lighted by chandeliers and gaily decorated shades, and adorned with banners, filled with gay dancers and a merry host of spectators, officers, waiters with trays of ices, &c, all moving about at perfect ease, and in utter oblivion of the unstable element upon which we were floating; our single world probably the sole tenant of the horizon. We looked into each other's faces to exclaim, "Can this be the sea?" Success to the stately ship, the wonder of the seas! We shall all leave her with real regret, and with kindly remembrances of her commander. I hear, at this moment, the merry shouts on deck. They are finishing the races of the trip with a grinning match. Tomorrow night we expect to sleep on shore. If our tour should end here, I should be the happier, for the rest of my life, for the pleasure of the last fortnight.

August 1. — One more entry at sea. We are running up St. George's Channel this morning, and have already passed Holyhead, the grand headland of North Wales. And now I feel, for the first time,

the awe of treading the threshold of the Old World — that long desire of a life time. The very air we breath is redolent of past ages — the soil we seek to tread rich in classic memories. We come to lay hold of tangible links in the chain that binds the present to the immutable past, and must at every step, kindle a torch of remembrance, whose light shall shine amid the lengthening shadows of our lifelong path — an Aladdin's lamp, whose touch shall bring to light visions which put to shame the fairy dreams of Arabian lore.

August 2. — On shore at last. The great ship came to anchor yesterday about five o'clock, too late to cross the bar. A tug took off all the passengers who desired to land, among whom we were not: the prospect of a twenty miles' sail at night in an open steamer, not proving enticing. The band played "Auld Lang Syne" as the tug moved off, bearing away some whose share in this brief companionship will claim many pleasant remembrances. We remained on board, attended a dance, and came off this morning.

The form, for it was nothing more, of examining the luggage occupied a considerable time, and we did not leave the ship until half past ten o'clock. She gave us a gun as a parting salute, and we left the abode of a pleasant fortnight with some regret, even for the shores of Europe.

XIII

SCANDAL ON THE HIGH SEAS

XIII

SCANDAL ON THE HIGH SEAS

TIME	— 1852.
PASSENGER	— J. Lamson.
VOYAGE	— <i>From Frankfort, Maine, to San Francisco, Calif.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The James W. Paige.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>Round Cape Horn; Voyage of the Passenger Ship James W. Paige, by J. Lamson; Bangor, Maine, 1878, pp. 13-116.</i>

Nothing has been discovered about J. Lamson other than what is to be found in his book. He does not give his reason for leaving his home in Maine to make the long voyage to California, nor does he state what he was doing in the nine years he wandered over the Northern portion of California and across what is now Oregon and Washington. He was interested in all manner of natural curiosities but seems to have been especially interested in ornithology. He carried a daguerreotype of a daughter with him on all his travels. On page 12 of his book he gives a list of the officers, passengers and crew of the *James W. Paige*. Among them is a William Lamson, but he is not referred to as a relative.

The bark *James W. Paige* of 240 tons burthen, was fitted up for a passenger ship in the latter part

of the Winter of 1852, by James Dunning and Joseph Nickerson of Bangor, Maine. A portion of the hold was made into a cabin with fourteen double berths on each side. Fifty-two passengers occupied this room. A small house with berths for fourteen passengers and a stateroom for the captain was built over the cabin, and enclosed the companion-way or stairs leading down to the cabin. This cabin was called the after-cabin, to distinguish it from the room in the hold, which was named the forward or main cabin; and the house was called the after-house. Another house was constructed over the main cabin, in which lodged the mate and four or five passengers.

The after-cabin was appropriated to the ladies, though singularly enough, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, who, we were told, had been employed to officiate as our chaplain, was assigned a berth in this cabin, much to the annoyance of a portion of the ladies. The sailors occupied the fore-castle. The cook's galley, a very important part of the ship's appointments, was placed between the two houses. These houses did not occupy the whole width of the deck, but a narrow space was left for a walk round them. There was also a small open space between the cook's galley and the after-house, and at the ends of the houses.

We were fortunate in the beginning of our voy-

age in having strong and fair gales of wind, which drove us rapidly on our course; but we had at the same time much wet, drizzling weather, which soon enabled us to discover that our ship was an old and leaky thing, and that our houses, though new, had been so carelessly constructed that the water came in freely upon us, wetting our berths, and rendering our situation exceedingly uncomfortable.

Sunday, April 18. — We have reached a warmer and more comfortable climate. . . . We are approaching the Cape Verde Islands, which we hope to see in the course of three or four days. . . .

Up to this time we have spoken but one vessel. I lay in my berth one night dreaming pleasantly of friends at home, when I was awakened by the hoarse voice of our captain hailing a bark that was at that moment passing. She was a Dutch vessel homeward bound. The Dutch captain had some difficulty in understanding ours, and asked three times where we were bound, though answered each time very distinctly "Cal-i-for-ny." . . .

We are not without many annoyances, and one very serious one arises from the bad cooking of our food, and often from want of a sufficient quantity of it. Our cooks are excessively filthy, and it requires a strong stomach to enable one to swallow the messes they set before us. Many complaints

have been made of this state of things to the captain, and today we have presented him with a written protest signed by every man in our room, but without effecting any improvement.

Time passes irksomely with many of our passengers, and they often resort to odd expedients in order to wear away the weary hours. When other sources of amusement fail, they sometimes find enjoyment in playing practical jokes on each other. We had an instance of this sort of recreation today. A ship was seen to windward in the morning, and standing in the same direction with us. Some one of the party pronounced her a pirate. This was found to operate on the fears of one of the passengers, a simple, honest, credulous fellow, who believed others to be as honest as himself, and a grand frolic was arranged to come off at night at his expense. It was therefore reported that the pirate, though she had fallen several miles astern, had sent a boat to board us, and accordingly several of the men armed themselves with their rifles and revolvers, and prepared to defend the ship.

Several barrels were thrown overboard in the dark to represent the piratical boat, and these were fired at as they floated by the ship. Then came a man tumbling and rolling about with terrible groans and yells, pretending to be wounded, and a moment after a cry went through the ship that



The Atlantic. 1850

the pirates were boarding us. The poor fellow for whose benefit all this hubbub was gotten up, was at that moment passing by my berth, and I heard him responding to the cry — “ They *are* boarding us, they *are* boarding us! where’s a handspike? ” and he ran and unshipped a pump handle in an instant, and hastened to the spot where the supposed attack was made, determined to make a desperate defence.

The ladies at the beginning of the voyage were confined a large portion of the time to their cabin by sickness. But since their recovery they spend many hours on deck every fair day; and as they are under the necessity of going through our room in passing to and from their cabin, we are in a fair way of becoming acquainted with them.

Tuesday, May 4. — We have for a week past been drifting, — I can hardly say sailing, for the winds have been light, and we have made but little progress — towards the Equator, and today we have crossed that important geographical line, and passed into another hemisphere. The event has been celebrated with a good deal of hilarity and nonsense. Old Neptune appeared on board rigged out with an immense wig of Manilla cordage, a grotesque mask, red flannel drawers, and a buffalo coat, and holding the captain’s speaking-trumpet in his hand. He was accompanied by his wife, per-

sonated by a thin, slender and active fellow, arrayed in a long gown and a straw bonnet. They amused us with a dance to the music of a fiddle, and in return they were treated with some brandy, of which they partook with great gusto. Neptune enquired into the affairs of the ship, cautioned the stewards and cooks to do their duty, gave some wholesome advice to the officers, to whom he was formerly introduced, cracked a good many jokes upon the passengers, and disappeared. The frolic went off with great good humor among all parties. . . .

Wednesday, May 19. — This is the forty-sixth day of our voyage, during forty-five of which we have not seen land. Today the cry of land has resounded through the ship. . . . I have just seen it, two hills on Cape Frio, which we are fast approaching. This cape is sixty miles from Rio, where we hope to arrive early tomorrow, though we are still in great suspense and uncertainty about stopping there at all. . . .

Thursday, May 20. — We passed Cape Frio in the night, and are now, early in the morning, approaching the harbor.

Friday, May 21. — About twenty boats were alongside this morning manned by whites and blacks, masters and slaves, all clamorous for passengers. They were unanimous in asking twenty-

five cents for a passage, which, though not very exorbitant, they soon reduced to ten cents, and we speedily filled their boats. . . .

May 24. — We have laid in many things necessary for our comfort during the continuance of our voyage, among which were a large lot of oranges, and some bananas and cocoanuts. This morning, just as we were about to sail, two boats laden with oranges came alongside the ship, and though we thought we had a pretty good supply of fruit, we bought both cargoes, amounting to about two thousand. They cost us from forty to sixty cents a hundred. . . .

June 1. — Winter is upon us. At least it is fast approaching, this being the first Winter month in this hemisphere. . . . The awning, which we had placed over our house, as a protection from the heat, has been removed. The passengers no longer lodge there, and their beds have been returned to their berths. . . .

June 6. — There has been an unpleasant altercation on this holy Sabbath between our worthy captain (who, by the way, is a religious man and a member of a church), and some of his lady passengers. The quarrel originated at the time of our visit at Rio. For several weeks prior to this visit, he had been very lavish of his attentions to Mrs. L——t, who had been ill during the voyage to

Rio, and seemed to require a great deal of brandy and bitters, wine and gruel, and herb drinks. The captain was very assiduous in supplying the wants of Mrs. L——t, and his assiduities certainly entitled him to her warmest gratitude.

Matters continued in this friendly way between them till we arrived at Rio. Here, after inquiring into the health of the city, he cautioned his passengers against stopping on shore at night, where they would be liable to take yellow fever. The next morning he accompanied Mrs. L——t on shore, where they tarried day and night until the afternoon previous to our sailing. As a matter of course this, together with their previous intimacy, was a subject of much remark and some sport among the passengers. Their jokes reached Captain Jackson's ears and enraged him. He declared that there should be a stop put to the talk. The passengers thought otherwise. A smart little quarrel grew out of it, the women took it in hand, and nourished it, and today a discussion remarkable for its warmth and length, took place between Capt. J. and Mrs. L——t on one side and Miss Julia S——g on the other. The battle raged till the middle of the afternoon, when the captain left in a very wrathful frame of mind to join in a religious service on deck, and to worship the God of peace and purity. Capt. J. has a wife in Maine and

Mrs. L——t a husband in San Francisco. . . .

June 14. — Another disgraceful scene occurred in the ladies' cabin this morning, being a continuation of the quarrel that took place a week since between our worthy captain and Julia Spaulding. The altercation between them was very violent, a part of which I overheard. Captain J. was in great wrath, smote his fists together, and repeatedly called Julia a liar; told her he would have no more of her lies, charged her indirectly with having attempted to seduce him, and threatened to shut her up and feed her by herself. All this intermingled with much profane and other violent language towards a female is by no means calculated to remove the strong dislike which the passengers entertain for Captain J. They also very naturally side with the woman, who, they think, tells quite as many truths as falsehoods in the matter. . . .

I received a little act of kindness in the evening, which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recording. Soon after supper as I was standing in our cabin, I remarked to a passenger that I had eaten but one biscuit during the day, and that I was really hungry. To his question "Why do you not eat some ship bread?" I replied that I had taken a distaste to it during my seasickness, and the very sight of it had become loathsome to me. It was the same with the beans we had today — boiled beans

and pork, which had been served up to us three or four times a week during the voyage.

The wife of the chief steward — Mrs. Grant — was present and heard the conversation. She immediately left the cabin and passed to the cook's galley. In a few minutes she returned, and as she passed by me she cautioned me to be silent, while she slipped a large turnover or fried mince-pie into my coat-pocket. The cooks had made a quantity of them for the captain and ladies, and she had begged this for me. . . .

June 25. — We have now weathered Cape Horn. During eight days since we passed through the Strait of Le Maire, we have been struggling against head winds, and have at length accomplished a task which might have been performed with a fair wind in ten or twelve hours. . . .

Sunday, June 27. — Our ship has been the scene of a disgraceful brawl, I may almost say, riot. For many weeks past, a feud has existed between our worthy chaplain, Mr. Johnson, and Miss Julia S. Miss Julia, who is not overburdened with a superabundance of refinement or delicacy, has used some rather coarse language towards Mr. J., which he, perhaps, has not received with that meekness and forbearance which would become a minister of the Gospel.

This morning when he arose, he saw a dress of

Miss Julia's hanging against the stove, where she had placed it to dry, and not being in that amiable frame of mind that would seem to be desirable, he threw the dress upon the floor, where it remained till Miss Julia found it. Her wrath was very bitter, and many hard words passed between her and the reverend chaplain; the temper of both parties increasing in warmth until Mr. J. remarked in the language of Scripture that he would leave Miss Julia to her "wallowing like a sow in the mire," whereupon Miss Julia seized a billet of wood and threw it at the head of the parson, and the parson, in the excitement of the moment, forgetting the injunction to turn the other cheek, returned the compliment by hitting Miss Julia a slap in the face, and pushing her towards the companionway.

By this time the inmates of our room, overhearing the uproar, had assembled at the head of the companionway, and were on the point of rushing down; but taking a moment to consider, they turned back, and in an instant were engaged among themselves in an altercation upon the demerits of the quarrel, almost as violent as that which was raging below. Captain J. soon joined us, and as his mode of reasoning seldom tends to allay wrath or to settle a dispute, the discussion continued with increased violence, and it was several hours before order was restored.

As in former quarrels, a large majority of the passengers were found to advocate the cause of the woman. But whoever was most to blame, Mr. Johnson was the most deeply injured by the quarrel, and his influence and usefulness, which had long been waning, were from this time ended. There are several religious people in the main cabin, who held a prayer-meeting after the quarrel had subsided, but Mr. J. did not attend, nor did he attempt to hold any other religious exercises during the day. . . .

July 5. — Another attempt has been made to induce Captain J. to substitute a more decent bill of fare in place of the disgusting dishes upon which he has starved us during the voyage. As we are approaching Talcahuana, where a supply of such necessities as we may need can be obtained, it was thought proper to hold a formal meeting for the purpose in the main cabin. A chairman, secretary and a committee to report a bill of fare for the consideration of Captain J. were chosen. Mr. Grant, the chief steward, was called in, who stated that in supplying the table in the after-cabin with better food than those in the other parts of the ship, he had acted in compliance with the orders of Captain J., and that the captain had also directed him to reduce the allowance of soft-tack to the passengers.

The committee on the bill of fare reported to

recommend for dinners, on Monday, beef and rice; on Tuesday, beans and pork; on Wednesday, fish and potatoes, or rice; on Thursday, beef and potatoes and duff; on Friday, beans and pork; on Saturday, fish and potatoes, and on Sunday, beef and duff, with soft-tack and apple-sauce once a day. This report was accepted. The committee immediately waited upon the captain, whom they found in a more amiable mood than they had anticipated, and obtained from him some general promises of improvement, which gave us a slight degree of encouragement.

Captain J. seems to be actuated by only one object, namely, to make a profitable voyage for his employers, regardless of the rights or comforts of his passengers. And any little concessions he makes to the demands of his passengers — and these concessions are few and far between — any little change he makes for the better in our fare, anything he does to alleviate the discomforts of our voyage, is done with extreme reluctance, and seldom without a dispute or a serious quarrel.

Let me finish the picture I have begun of the man. He has the frame of a giant, six feet two inches high. His fist is brawny as the paw of a grizzly bear, and his foot is a terror to shoemakers. He is ungainly in his figure, and awkward and ungraceful in every movement and gesture. He has

a coarse, vulgar, morose cast of countenance, is distant and repulsive in his manners, gross and vulgar in his tastes and conversation, and fond of repeating profane and obscene jests and anecdotes. But we believe him to be a cautious and skillful navigator; and if we see in him a total absence of every characteristic of a gentleman, of every qualification requisite to make an agreeable commander of a passenger-ship, we are happy to find some compensation for these defects in his watchfulness and care. . . .

We are in a state of excitement consequent on approaching a port after our long voyage, and there is much preparation making for going ashore; washing, which has been but slightly performed during our cold passage, shaving, and cutting hair. Our chests and trunks are overhauled, and clean shirts and the best pants are selected. It is washing day too with the women, who have obtained some fresh water for their purpose. Even Mrs. L——t, who has hitherto manifested a very idle disposition, has gathered up a quantity of her child's garments, and proved that she is not incompetent to perform the duties of the wash-tub, while Captain J. stands like a sentinel over her, engaged in a low, but earnest conversation, attracting the attention, and exciting the remarks of the com-

pany, by his ridiculous manifestations of a silly lover's foolish fondness. . . .

July 7. — We entered the harbor of Talcahuana at ten o'clock in the morning, and spent the remainder of the day in beating up to the town against a head wind, a distance of about twenty miles. . . . We dropped anchor within half a mile of the town amidst a fleet of twelve ships and barks, several of which belonged to the United States. We were immediately visited by the captain of the port, who was an Englishman, attended by other officials, Chilians. We also received a call from three other gentlemen, American merchants, formerly from New York, Massachusetts and Ohio. They came on board to solicit business. By invitation from one of them, Captain J. went on shore, and passed the night with him; and the next day he took his *chere ami*, Mrs. L——t, to the same house, where they tarried till we sailed.

July 10. — We had a pleasant sail for several days, and nothing of importance occurred to mar our pleasures until July 14, when Mr. Johnson met the passengers in the main cabin for the purpose of explaining his conduct in his quarrels with Julia S. He was heard very attentively in an address, in which he attempted to justify his conduct in every instance. Miss S. replied to him, contra-

dicting some of his statements, and explaining others. Captain J. took part in the discussion, but his remarks were not calculated to restore harmony. Nothing was effected by the meeting, no new facts were elicited or old ones explained, and no change was wrought in any one's opinion.

July 17. — I have another unpleasant occurrence to record. A robbery was perpetrated in the cook's galley last night, and about a hundred cakes of soft-tack stolen. It was reported to Captain J., who came into the after-house and threatened to put us on hard-tack again. Many irritating words passed between him and some of the passengers, and he became so exasperated against one of them that he seized him by the collar. There was great excitement all over the ship. In the height of the quarrel, Stephen Walker called on Captain J. and offered to find the bread if the captain would send a man with him to make search. The first mate was directed to accompany him, and in a few minutes the bread was found in the fore-castle among the sailors, and the excitement was soon quieted. . . .

July 18. — Mr. Johnson preached to a very small congregation today. The prejudice against him still continues very strong. . . . There was also a prayer-meeting in the afternoon. Among others, Captain J. gave an exhortation, in the



By courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line North German Lloyd

Main Saloon of the Hamburg-American Line Steamer
Silesia, 1869



Illustrated London News, June 13, 1855

An Afternoon in the Tropics

course of which he acknowledged that he had not always performed his duty as a Christian during the voyage, asked pardon of the passengers for any wrongs he had done them, and promised to use his exertions to make them more comfortable during the remainder of the voyage. . . .

July 29. — Our chaplain has been courting the muses. Attacked with a severe fit of inspiration, he has for some time past been engaged in writing a poem. The subject, which is well calculated for the display of his poetical genius, is “The Voyage of the *James W. Parge*.” He honored us with a public reading of a portion of the poem on deck this afternoon. It did not receive that applause it merited in the opinion of the author, for his audience were incapable of appreciating the rich beauties of the poem, and could not distinguish Mr. Johnson’s poetry from ordinary prose. Much of the poem was made up of commendations of Captain J. and of censures of the owners of the bark.

We had a clear, moonlight night, and several of the passengers, male and female, were on deck till a late hour. There was much noise among them, which disturbed the captain. He went out three times and ordered them off the house. The last time he was in a great passion, and swore that if God spared his life he would blow them through the next time they disobeyed his orders. The noise

was stopped, and order, but not peace, restored. The passengers were much to blame, though their disobedience arose from heedlessness rather than from any intentional disrespect to the captain. But this threat to shoot them rankles in their bosoms.

July 31. — Being prohibited the use of butter, or fat of any sort, or molasses, to eat with our bread, and having but a little apple-sauce doled out to us once a week, I have occasionally dissolved a spoonful of sugar to give a relish to my dry bread, and this morning the mate ordered the steward to remove the sugar-bowl. This order getting to the ears of the ladies, I have been bountifully supplied by them from a cask of very nice sugar in their cabin. This sugar was bought at Rio Janiero by Captain J. for the special benefit of Mrs. L——t. I mention this little fact as a specimen of the petty annoyances to which we are constantly subjected by the captain and first mate, and of the friendly favors of which I have been the constant recipient from all the ladies, with one exception, during the voyage.

August 6. — At the request of an old man, Mr. Carlow, I have been down to take a look at the main cabin. I found the air very hot and oppressive, and I was soon covered with perspiration. Some portions of the room were dark, there being

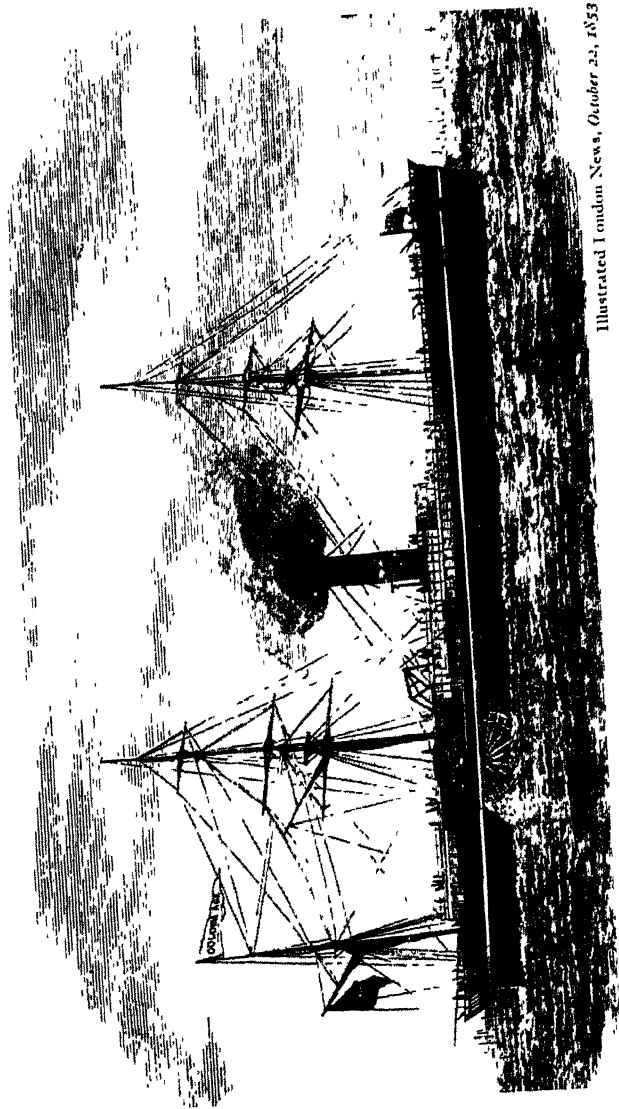
no means of lighting it, but by the hatches and a few little dead-lights in the deck. They were now prohibited the use of the lamps they had made for themselves, because the smoke was found to annoy Mrs. L——t, into whose stateroom a portion of it escaped. The only ventilation which this cabin received was also through the hatches, and that was obstructed by the houses that were built over them. The floor was damp and dirty, and I was told that it had never been cleansed but by the passengers themselves. An offensive odor filled the room, which was to be expected from the number of the occupants, and the want of ventilation. There were twenty-eight berths in this cabin occupied by fifty-two passengers. It was impossible for them all to pass the hot nights in such a stifling atmosphere, and the poor old man's eyes moistened as he told me that he was obliged to leave his berth, and pass his nights wherever he could find a place to rest on deck.

August 9.—One of the principal sources of amusement during the voyage has been card playing. It has helped many, who had no other occupation or source of amusement, to pass their time pleasantly; and to others it has proved an agreeable relaxation. Much mischief has doubtless been prevented by it, and many a quarrel avoided. I have not heard of an unpleasant dispute or alter-

cation from card playing since we set sail, though there are seldom less than six or eight companies engaged in it during the pleasant weather. Several packs of cards were included in my outfit, but though I have not, in a single instance, had occasion to use them myself, they have nevertheless done good service. Captain J. has often threatened to break up this wicked amusement, but I think he has not dared to attempt it. Though very strong in his denunciations of card playing, there are other games which meet his approbation. He has himself made a checker-board, and spends many a leisure moment in playing checkers with Mrs. L——t.

Still another source of amusement with many of the passengers is dancing. We have two fiddlers on board the ship, and are therefore well supplied with the necessary music. There is a space between the two houses covering a few square feet, and another space still smaller between the forward house and the windlass, where a small number of persons can crowd through a figure in a dance, and these spaces have been sometimes used for that purpose. I have attempted to take this kind of exercise, but in such a circumscribed space and such a rolling ball-room, I have found the amusement anything but amusing. . . .

August 14. — One of our passengers, Mr.



Illustrated London News, October 22, 1853

*The American Steamship **The Golden Age***

Gould, has generously treated us to a rich pound-cake. His wife made it in Bangor. It was put into a tin box and soldered up, and on being opened, it was found as fresh and sweet as when first baked.

. . .

August 17. — Crossed the Tropic of Cancer in Longitude 127° west. The mate signalized the day by closing the hatches over the main cabin. The reason assigned for this act was a quarrel at breakfast between an Irishman and one of the stewards, which disturbed the mate's repose. Much excitement prevailed in consequence of this act, and the fifty men shut up in that "black hole" remonstrated against the injustice of being punished for a little squabble, in which only two of their number were engaged.

Finding their arguments were of no avail with the mate, they carried their case to the captain. To their remonstrances he replied that this case was beyond his control; that he commanded the after-part of the ship, and the mate the forward part; that this hatchway, being in the mate's room, was under his sole command; and that he, the captain, had no more authority to order it to be taken off, than the mate had to command him on the quarter-deck. All this appeared very much like nonsense to our landlubbers, who doubted if the maritime law recognized a division of authority,

which seemed to them so utterly absurd and ridiculous. At this point of the discussion, Mr. Tyler, one of the passengers, remarked that he had hitherto kept aloof from all the wrangles we had had, but that he should not remain quiet under this arbitrary act. He assured the captain that if the hatches were not removed, there would be a greater row than we had ever witnessed on board this bark.

But neither the captain nor mate would make any concession, and it was determined by the passengers that they should have no sleep as long as the cause of their disquiet remained. There was a prospect of a stormy night between decks, and extensive preparations were made for a musical concert, which would not have been very conducive to slumber, when our brave officers, thinking they would find the contest an unequal one, suddenly and wisely resolved to remove the hatches, the consequence of which was an immediate restoration of peace. . . .

September 4.—A fight occurred at breakfast in the main cabin between an Irishman of fifty-nine, the oldest man in the ship, and an American, not much his junior. The Yankee received a cut on the ear with a case-knife, and he knocked down his antagonist and gave him some severe bruises. Our ship is becoming a miniature pandemonium.

September 5. — This is the last Sabbath we expect to spend on board the bark, and as we expect to separate in two or three days, a meeting was held in the main cabin, the object of which was to settle disputes and restore harmony between the officers and passengers.

It proved, however, a failure. Several short addresses were made, one by the captain in a spirit of defiance, and one by Mr. Johnson, defending his career on board the bark; a prayer was offered, and a parting hymn sung, and we broke up with very little change of feeling. . . .

September 7. — We took a pilot on board in the morning. We entered the harbor in the afternoon, and anchored about a mile from the city. And thus ended the voyage of the *James W. Paige*, one hundred and fifty-eight days from the day we set sail from Frankfort.

XIV

AN EARLY GLOBE-TROTTER

XIV

AN EARLY GLOBE-TROTTER

TIME	— 1846.
PASSENGER	— <i>Ida Pfeiffer.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Hamburg, Germany, to Macao, China.</i>
SHIPS	— <i>The Caroline, the John Renwick, and the Lootpuit.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>A Woman's Journey Round the World, by Ida Pfeiffer; London, n.d., pp. 1-88.</i>

Ida Pfeiffer (*née* Reyer) was born in Vienna October 14, 1797. Until her twelfth year she was dressed, by her parents, as a boy. An early love affair with a penniless suitor was broken off and she was married against her wishes to one Pfeiffer, an advocate holding a position under the Austrian government. This position he lost for exposing malpractices in his department and shortly thereafter moved to Lemberg, leaving his wife to support and educate their two sons. She had always had a great desire for travel and in 1842 made the first of her remarkable journeys, a tour of the Holy Land. She later visited Iceland and Scandinavia. In 1846 she started on her first world tour, sailing around Cape Horn to China and returned home through India, Persia and Asia Minor. In 1851 she planned a trip to the interior of Africa to visit Lake Ngami, then newly discovered, but upon arriving at

Cape Town she found the cost of the trip was greatly beyond her means and abandoned the idea in favor of a second trip around the world. From Cape Town she sailed to the Dutch East Indies, and then crossed the Pacific to California. By the time she reached the United States she was something of a public figure and received some attention and considerable free transportation. "The Americans," she said, "are liberal with their free passages and I had often only to mention my name to procure every accommodation of this kind without charge." After a side trip to South America she eventually reached New York, and, as a guest of the Collins Line, crossed to Liverpool. Her last voyage was to Mauritius and Madagascar. In the latter she ran afoul of Queen Ranavaloa, the ruler of that island, and was so cruelly treated by Her Majesty that her health was permanently injured. She returned to Vienna and died there October 27, 1858. In her books, "A Voyage to the Holy Land, and to Iceland and Scandinavia," "A Woman's Journey Round the World," and "A Woman's Second Journey Round the World," she gives a gossip account of her travels.

On May 1, 1846, I left Vienna, and, with the exception of slight stops at Prague, Dresden, and Leipzig, proceeded directly to Hamburg, there to embark for the Brazils. In Prague I had the pleasure of meeting Count Berchthold, who had accompanied me during a portion of my journey in

the East. He informed me that he should like to be my companion in the voyage to the Brazils, and I promised to wait for him in Hamburg. . . .

I arrived in Hamburg on May 12. . . . About the middle of June the Count came, and shortly afterwards we found a vessel — a Danish brig, the *Caroline*, Captain Bock, bound for Rio Janeiro.

I had now before me a long voyage, which could not be made under two months at the least, and which, possibly, might last three or four. Luckily I had already lived for a considerable period on board sailing vessels during my former travels, and was therefore acquainted with their arrangements, which are very different from those of steamers. On board a steamer everything is agreeable and luxurious; the vessel pursues her rapid course independent of the wind, and the passengers enjoy good and fresh provisions, spacious cabins, and excellent society.

In sailing vessels all this is very different, as, with the exception of the large East Indiamen, they are not fitted up for passengers. In them the cargo is looked upon as the principal thing, and in the eyes of the crew passengers are a troublesome addition, whose comfort is generally very little studied. The captain is the only person who takes an interest in them, since a third, or even the half, of the passage-money falls to his share.

The space, too, is so confined that you can hardly turn yourself round in the sleeping cabins, while it is quite impossible to stand upright in the berths. Besides this, the motion of a sailing vessel is much stronger than that of a steamer; on the latter, however, many affirm that the eternal vibration, and the disagreeable odor of the oil and coals, are totally insupportable. For my own part, I never found this to be the case; it certainly is unpleasant, but much easier to bear than the many inconveniences always existing on board a sailing vessel. The passenger is there a complete slave to every whim or caprice of the captain, who is an absolute sovereign and holds uncontrolled sway over everything. Even the food depends upon his generosity, and although it is generally not absolutely bad, in the best instances it is not equal to that on board a steamer.

The following form the ordinary diet: tea and coffee without milk, bacon and junk, soup made with peas or cabbage, potatoes, hard dumplings, salted cod, and ship-biscuit. On rare occasions, ham, eggs, fish, pancakes, or even skinny fowls, are served out. It is very seldom, in small ships, that bread can be procured.

To render the living more palatable, especially on a long voyage, passengers would do well to take with them a few additions to the ship's fare. The



By courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line North German Lloyd

The Sailing Ship *Deutschlant*, First Ship of the Hamburg-American Line October 15, 1818.

most suitable are: portable soup and captain's biscuit — both of which should be kept in tin canisters to preserve them from moldiness and insects — ; a good quantity of eggs, which, when the vessel is bound for a southern climate, should first be dipped in strong lime-water or packed in coal-dust; rice, potatoes, sugar, butter, and all the ingredients for making sangaree and potato-salad, the former being very strengthening and the latter very cooling. I would strongly recommend those who have children with them to take a goat as well.

As regards wine, passengers should take especial care to ask the captain whether this is included in the passage-money; otherwise it will have to be purchased from him at a very high rate.

There are also other objects which must not be forgotten, and above all a mattress, bolster, and counterpane, as the berths are generally unfurnished. These can be purchased very cheaply in any seaport town.

Besides this, it is likewise advisable to take a stock of colored linen. The office of washerwoman is filled by a sailor, so that it may easily be imagined that the linen does not return from the wash in the best possible condition.

When the sailors are employed in shifting the sails, great care must be taken to avoid injury by the falling of any of the ropes.

There were eight passengers on board the *Caroline*. The four cabin places were taken by Count Berchthold, myself, and two young people who hoped to make their fortunes sooner in the Brazils than in Europe. The price of a passage in the first cabin was 100 dollars (£20 16s. 8d.), and in the steerage 50 dollars (£10 8s. 4d.)

On July 1 we set sail in rather stormy weather. We made a few miles, but were soon obliged to cast anchor. July 4 was a beautifully fine day, for those who could remain quietly on shore; but for those on board ship it was bad enough, as there was not the slightest breath of wind stirring. . . .

July 5. — Nothing is so changeable as the weather: yesterday we were revelling in sunshine, and today we were surrounded by a thick, dark fog; and yet this, bad as it was, we found more agreeable than the fine weather of the day before, for a slight breeze sprung up, and at 9 o'clock in the morning we heard the rattling of the capstan, as the anchor was being weighed. . . .

The transition from the Elbe to the North Sea is scarcely perceptible. . . . We were, consequently, very much surprised on hearing the captain exclaim, in a joyful tone, "We are out of the river at last!" . . .

For fourteen days we were prisoners in the 360

miles of the Channel, remaining very often two or three days, as if spellbound, in the same place, while we were frequently obliged to cruise for whole days to make merely a few miles. . . . At last, on July 24, we came to the end of the Channel, and attained the open sea; the wind was tolerably favorable, and on August 2 we were off Gibraltar, where we were becalmed for twenty-four hours. The captain threw several pieces of white crockery-ware, as well as a number of large bones, overboard, to show how beautifully green such objects appeared as they slowly sank down beneath the sea; of course this can only be seen in a perfect calm. . . .

August 4.—We were now off Morocco, and were fortunate enough today to perceive a great number of bonitos. Every one on board bestirred himself, and on every side fish-hooks were cast overboard; unluckily, only one bonito allowed himself to be entrapped by our friendly invitations; he made a dart at the bait, and his good-natured confidence procured us a fresh meal, of which we had long been deprived.

On August 5 we saw land for the first time for twelve days. The sun was rising as the little island of Porto Santo greeted our sight. . . . We sailed past Madeira (23 miles from Porto Santo) the

same day, but unluckily at such a distance that we could only perceive the long mountain chains by which the island is intersected. . . .

On August 7 we neared the Canary Isles, but unfortunately, on account of the thick fog, we could not see them. . . . In the night of August 9-10 we entered the tropics. We were now in daily expectation of greater heat and clearer sky, but met with neither. The atmosphere was dull and hazy. . . . The captain told us that this was the fourteenth voyage he had made to the Brazils, during which time he had always found the heat very easily borne, and had never seen the sky otherwise than dull and lowering. . . .

August 17. — Shoals of tunny-fish (fish four and five feet long, and belonging to the dolphin tribe) were seen tumbling about the ship. A harpoon was quickly procured, and one of the sailors sent out with it on the bowsprit; but whether he had bad luck, or was unskilled in the art of harpooning, he missed his mark. . . .

August 18. — Today we had a heavy thunderstorm, for which we were very grateful, as it cooled the air considerably. . . . This rain cost me a night's rest, for when I went to take possession of my berth I found the bedclothes drenched through and through, and was fain to content myself with a wooden bench for a couch. . . .

August 29. — At 10 o'clock P.M. we saluted the Southern Hemisphere for the first time. A feeling nearly allied to pride excited every one, but more especially those who crossed the Line for the first time. We shook each other by the hand, and congratulated one another mutually, as if we had done some great and heroic deed. One of the passengers had brought with him a bottle or two of champagne to celebrate the event; the corks sprang gaily in the air, and, with a joyful huzza, the health of the new hemisphere was drunk.

No festivities took place among the crew. This is at present the case in most vessels, as such amusements seldom end without drunkenness and disorder. The sailors, however, could not let the cabin-boy, who passed the Line for the first time, go quite scot-free; so he was well christened in a few buckets of salt water. . . .

On September 9 and 11 we encountered some short gusts of the *vamperos*, the most violent being the last. The first was termed by the captain merely "a stiffish breeze"; but the second was entered in the log as "a storm." . . . At night, I was obliged to stow myself firmly in my berth with my cloaks and dresses, to protect my body from being bruised black and blue.

On September 13 I was on deck at break of day. The helmsman led me to the side of the vessel, and

told me to hold my head overboard, and inhale the air. I breathed a most beautiful perfume of flowers. I looked around in astonishment, and imagined that I must already be able to see the land; it was, however, still far distant, the soft perfume being merely drifted to us by the wind. It was very remarkable that inside the ship this perfume was not at all perceptible. The sea itself was covered with innumerable dead butterflies and moths, which had been carried out to sea by the storm. . . .

Today we caught no glimpse of land; but a few gulls and albatrosses from Cape Frio warned us that we were near it, and afforded us some little amusement. They swam close up to the ship's side, and eagerly swallowed every morsel of bread or meat that was thrown to them. The sailors tried to catch some with a hook and line, and were fortunate enough to succeed. . . .

One of the gentlemen was exceedingly anxious to kill and stuff one of them, but the superstition of the sailors was opposed to this. They said that, if birds were killed on board ship, their death would be followed by long calms. We yielded to their wishes, and restored the little creatures to the air and waves, their native elements.

This was another proof that superstition is still deep-rooted in the minds of sailors. Of this we had

afterwards many other instances. The captain, for example, was always very averse to the passengers amusing themselves with cards or any other game of chance; in another vessel, as I was informed, no one was allowed to write on Sunday, &c. Empty casks or logs of wood were also very frequently thrown overboard, during a calm — probably as sacrifices to the deities of the winds.

On the morning of September 16 we at last had the good fortune to perceive the mountains before Rio Janeiro, and soon singled out the Sugarloaf. At 2 P.M. we entered the bay and port.

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When I paid £25 for my place in the fine English barque, *John Renwick*, Captain Bell promised me that he would be ready to sail on November 25 at the latest, and would stop at no intermediate port, but shape his course direct to Valparaiso. The first part of this promise I believed, because he assured me that every day he stopped cost him £7; and the second, because, as a general rule, I willingly believe every one, even ship captains. In both particulars, however, was I deceived; for it was not until December 8 that I received a notice to go on board that evening and then for the first time the captain informed me that he must run into Santos, to lay in a stock of provisions, which were there much cheaper than in Rio Janeiro.

That he also intended clearing out a cargo of coal and taking in another of sugar, he did not tell me till we arrived in Santos itself, where he also assured me that all these different matters would not take him more than three or four days.

There were eight passengers besides myself; five Frenchmen, one Belgian, and two citizens of Milan. I looked upon the latter as half countrymen of mine, and we were soon very good friends.

. . .

On December 12 we hove in sight of the mountain ranges of Santos, and at 9 o'clock the same evening we reached a bay which the captain took for that of the same name. Lighted torches were repeatedly held over the vessel's side to summon a pilot; no pilot, however, made his appearance, and we were therefore obliged to trust to chance, and anchor at the mouth of the bay.

On the morning of December 13 a pilot came on board, and astonished us with the intelligence that we had anchored before the wrong bay. We had some trouble in working our way out, and anchoring about noon in the right one. . . . Unluckily, the wind had by this time fallen, and we were obliged to be at anchor all day.

We were still in Santos when we celebrated New Year's Day, 1847, and at last, on January 2, were lucky enough to bid the town adieu; but did not

proceed far, for in the first bay the wind fell, and did not spring up again till after midnight. It was now Sunday, but no true Englishman will set sail on a Sunday; we remained, therefore, lying at anchor the whole of January 3. . . .

January 5. — Mostly calms. Our cook caught, today, a fish three feet long, and remarkable for the manner in which it changed color. When it came out of the water it was a bright yellow, to which color it owes its name of *dorado*. At the expiration of one or two minutes the brilliant yellow changed into a light sky-blue, and after its death its belly again turned to a beautiful light yellow, but the back was a brownish green. It is reckoned a great delicacy, but, for my own part, I found its flesh rather dry. . . .

January 11. — We were now off the Rio Plata, and found the temperature very perceptibly cooler. . . .

In these latitudes the constellation of the Southern Cross keeps increasing in brilliancy and beauty, though it is far from being as wonderful as it is said to be. . . . As a general rule, many travelers exaggerate a great deal; they adorn what they really have seen with a little too much imagination. . . .

At last, on February 3, we were fortunate enough to reach the southernmost point of America, so dreaded by all mariners. . . . After battling for

fourteen days with winds and waves, with rain and cold, we arrived off the western entrance to the Straits of Magellan, having accomplished the most dangerous portion of our voyage. During these fourteen days we saw very few whales, or albatrosses, and not one iceberg. . . .

For three whole days we had nothing to complain of; but in the night of February 19-20 we were overtaken by a storm worthy of the Atlantic itself, which lasted for nearly twenty-four hours. . . . We could not light any fire, and were obliged to content ourselves with bread and cheese and raw ham, which we with great difficulty conveyed to our mouths as we sat upon the deck. . . . In spite of all these annoyances, we kept up our spirits, and, even during the storm we could scarcely refrain from laughing at the comical positions we all fell into whenever we attempted to stand up.

The remainder of the voyage to Valparaiso was calm, but excessively disagreeable. The captain wished to present a magnificent appearance on arriving, so that the good people might believe that wind and waves could not injure his fine vessel. He had the whole ship painted from top to bottom with oil colors; even the little doors in the cabins were not spared this infliction. Not content with creating a most horrible disturbance over our heads, the carpenter invaded even our cabins, fill-

ing all our things with sawdust and dirt, so that we poor passengers had not a dry or quiet place of refuge in the whole ship. Just as much as we had been pleased with Captain Bell's politeness during all the previous part of the voyage, were we indignant at his behavior during the last five or six days. But we could offer no resistance, for the captain is an autocrat on board his own ship, knowing neither a constitution nor any other limit to his despotic power.

At 6 o'clock in the morning of March 2, we ran into the port of Valparaiso. . . .

On March 17, Captain Van Wyk Jurianse sent me word that his ship was ready for sea, and that he should set sail the next morning. . . .

The ship was the Dutch barque *Lootpuit*, a fine, strong vessel, quite remarkable for its cleanliness. The table was pretty good, too, with the exception of a few Dutch dishes, and a superfluity of onions. To these, which played a prominent part in everything that was served up, I really could not accustom myself, and felt greatly delighted that a large quantity of this noble production of the vegetable kingdom became spoilt during the voyage.

The captain was a polite and kind man, and the mates and sailors were also civil and obliging. In fact, as a general rule, in every ship that I em-

barked in, I was far from finding seamen so rough and uncivil as travelers often represent them to be. Their manners are certainly not the most polished in the world, neither are they extraordinarily attentive or delicate, but their hearts and dispositions are mostly good. After three days' sailing, we saw, on March 21, the island of St. Felix, and on the morning following, St. Ambrosio. . . .

For nearly a month did we now sail on, without the slightest interruption, free from storms, with the same monotonous prospect of sky and water before us, until, on April 19, we reached the archipelago of the Society Islands. . . . On April 25 we beheld one of them, Maithia. On the following morning, being the thirty-ninth of our voyage, we came in sight of Tahiti. . . .

A pilot came out to meet us, and, although the wind was so unfavorable that the sails had to be trimmed every instant, steered us safely into port. . . .

We left the port of Papeiti on the morning of May 17, with a most favorable wind, soon passed in safety all the dangerous coral reefs which surround the island, and in seven hours' time had lost sight of it altogether. Towards evening we beheld the mountain ranges of the island of Huaheme, which we passed during the night.

Our voyage was remarkably pleasant. Besides the favorable breeze, which still continued, we enjoyed the company of a fine Belgian brig, the *Rubens*, which had put to sea at the same time as ourselves. It was seldom that we approached near enough for the persons on board to converse with each other; but whoever is at all acquainted with the endless uniformity of long voyages will easily understand our satisfaction at knowing we were even in the neighborhood of human beings. We pursued the same track as far as the Philippine Islands, but on the morning of the third day our companion had disappeared. . . .

May 28. — Today at noon we crossed the Line, and were once more in the Northern Hemisphere. A Tahitian sucking-pig was killed and consumed in honor of our successful passage, and our native hemisphere toasted in real hock. . . .

In the night of July 1–2 we reached the western point of Luzon, and entered on the dangerous Chinese Sea. I was heartily glad at last to bid adieu to the Pacific Ocean, for a voyage on it is one of the most monotonous things that can be imagined. The appearance of another ship is a rare occurrence; and the water is so calm that it resembles a stream. Very frequently I used to start up from my desk, thinking that I was in some diminutive

room ashore; and my mistake was the more natural, as we had three horses, a dog, several pigs, hens, geese, and a canary bird on board, all respectively neighing, barking, grunting, cackling, and singing, as if they were in a farmyard.

On July 9 we anchored in Macao Roads.

XV

ABOARD AN EARLY STEAMER

XV

ABOARD AN EARLY STEAMER

TIME	— 1842.
PASSENGER	— <i>Charles Dickens.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Liverpool to Boston.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Britannia.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>American Notes; London, 1842, Chapters I, II and III.</i>

Dickens sailed from Liverpool on January 4, 1842 and landed at Boston on January 21. While in America he traveled as far south as Richmond and as far west as St. Louis, and spent a month in Canada. In "American Notes" he gives an account of his travels and describes American institutions of that day, most of which he disliked. The book met with great resentment in America.

I shall never forget the one-fourth serious and three-fourth comical astonishment with which, on the morning of January 3, 1842, I opened the door of, and put my head into, a stateroom on board the *Britannia* steam-packet, 1200 tons burthen per register, bound for Halifax and Boston, and carrying Her Majesty's mails.

That this stateroom had been specially engaged for "Charles Dickens, Esquire, and Lady," was rendered sufficiently clear even to my scared in-

tellect by a very small manuscript, announcing the fact, which was pinned on a very flat quilt, covering a very thin mattress, spread like a surgical plaster on a most inaccessible shelf. But that this was the stateroom concerning which Charles Dickens, Esquire, and Lady, had held daily and nightly conferences for at least four months preceding: that this could by any possibility be that small snug chamber of the imagination, which Charles Dickens, Esquire, with the spirit of prophecy strong upon him, had always foretold would contain at least one little sofa, and which his lady, with a modest yet most magnificent sense of its limited dimensions, had from the first opined would not hold more than two enormous portmanteaus in some odd corner out of sight (portmanteaus which could now no more be got in at the door, not to say stowed away, than a giraffe could be persuaded or forced into a flower-pot) : that this utterly impracticable, thoroughly hopeless, and profoundly preposterous box had the remotest reference to, or connection with, those chaste and pretty, not to say gorgeous little bowers, sketched by a masterly hand, in the highly varnished lithographic plan hanging up in the agent's counting-house in the city of London: that this room of state, in short, could be anything but a pleasant fiction and cheer-

ful jest of the captain's, invented and put in practice for the better relish and enjoyment of the real state-room presently to be disclosed: — these were truths which I really could not, for the moment, bring my mind at all to bear upon or comprehend. And I sat down upon a kind of horsehair slab, or perch, of which there were two within; and looked, without any expression of countenance whatever, at some friends who had come on board with us, and who were crushing their faces into all manner of shapes by endeavoring to squeeze them through the small doorway.

Before descending into the bowels of the ship, we had passed from the deck into a long narrow apartment, not unlike a gigantic hearse with windows in the sides; having at the upper end a melancholy stove, at which three or four chilly stewards were warming their hands; while on either side, extending down its whole dreary length, was a long, long table, over each of which a rack, fixed to the low roof, and stuck full of drinking-glasses and cruet-stands, hinted dismally at rolling seas, and heavy weather. . . .

We sat down round the fire in the ladies' cabin — just to try the effect. It was rather dark, certainly; but somebody said, “of course it would be light at sea,” a proposition to which we all as-

sented; echoing "of course, of course"; though it would be exceedingly difficult to say why we thought so. . . .

There was a stewardess, too, actively engaged in producing clean sheets and tablecloths from the very entrails of the sofas, and from unexpected lockers, of such artful mechanism that it made one's head ache to see them opened one after another, and rendered it quite a distracting circumstance to follow her proceedings, and to find that every nook and corner and individual piece of furniture was something else besides what it pretended to be, and was a mere trap and deception and place of secret stowage, whose ostensible purpose was its least useful one. . . .

We went up on deck again in high spirits; and there, everything was in such a state of bustle and active preparation, that the blood quickened its pace, and whirled through one's veins on that clear frosty morning with involuntary mirthfulness. . . .

One party of men were "taking in the milk," or, in other words, getting the cow on board; and another were filling the icehouses to the very throat with fresh provisions; with butchers'-meat and garden-stuff, and pale sucking-pigs, calves' heads in scores, beef, veal, and pork, and poultry out of all proportion; and others were coiling



By courtesy of the Cunard White Star Limited

Charles Dickens' Stateroom in the *Britannia*, 1842 Copyright by the Cunard White Star Limited



By courtesy of the Hamburg-American Line North German Lloyd

Ladies' Lounge in the Hamburg-American Sailing Ship *Deutschland*, 1848

ropes, and busy with oakum yarns; and others were lowering heavy packages into the hold; and the purser's head was barely visible as it loomed in a state of exquisite perplexity from the midst of a vast pile of passengers' luggage. . . .

We all dined together that day; and a rather formidable party we were; no fewer than eighty-six strong. The vessel being pretty deep in the water, with all her coals on board and so many passengers, and the weather being calm and quiet, there was but little motion; so that before the dinner was half over, even those passengers who were most distrustful of themselves plucked up amazingly.

. . .

Notwithstanding this high tone of courage and confidence, I could not but observe that very few remained long over their wine; and that everybody had an unusual love of the open air; and that the favorite and most coveted seats were invariably those nearest to the door. The tea-table, too, was by no means as well attended as the dinner-table; and there was less whist-playing than might have been expected. Still, with the exception of one lady, who had retired with some precipitation at dinner-time, immediately after being assisted to the finest cut of a very yellow boiled leg of mutton, with very green capers, there were no invalids as yet; and walking, and smoking, and drinking of

brandy-and-water (but always in the open air), went on with unabated spirit, until eleven o'clock or thereabouts, when "turning in" — no sailor of seven hours' experience talks of going to bed — became the order of the night. The perpetual tramp of boot-heels on the decks gave place to a heavy silence, and the whole human freight was stowed away below, excepting a very few stragglers, like myself, who were probably, like me, afraid to go there. . . .

My own two hands, and feet likewise, being very cold, however, on this particular occasion, I crept below at midnight. It was not exactly comfortable below. It was decidedly close; and it was impossible to be unconscious of the presence of that extraordinary compound of strange smells, which is to be found nowhere but on board ship, and which is such a subtle perfume that it seems to enter at every pore of the skin, and whisper of the hold. . . .

Every plank and timber creaked, as if the ship were made of wicker-work; and now crackled, like an enormous fire of the driest possible twigs. There was nothing for it but bed, so I went to bed. It was pretty much the same for the next two days, with a tolerably fair wind and dry weather.

. . .

I say nothing of what may be called the domestic

noises of the ship; such as the breaking of glass and crockery, the tumbling down of stewards, the gambols, overhead, of loose casks and truant dozens of bottled porter, and the very remarkable and far from exhilarating sounds raised in their various state-rooms by the seventy passengers who were too ill to get up. . . .

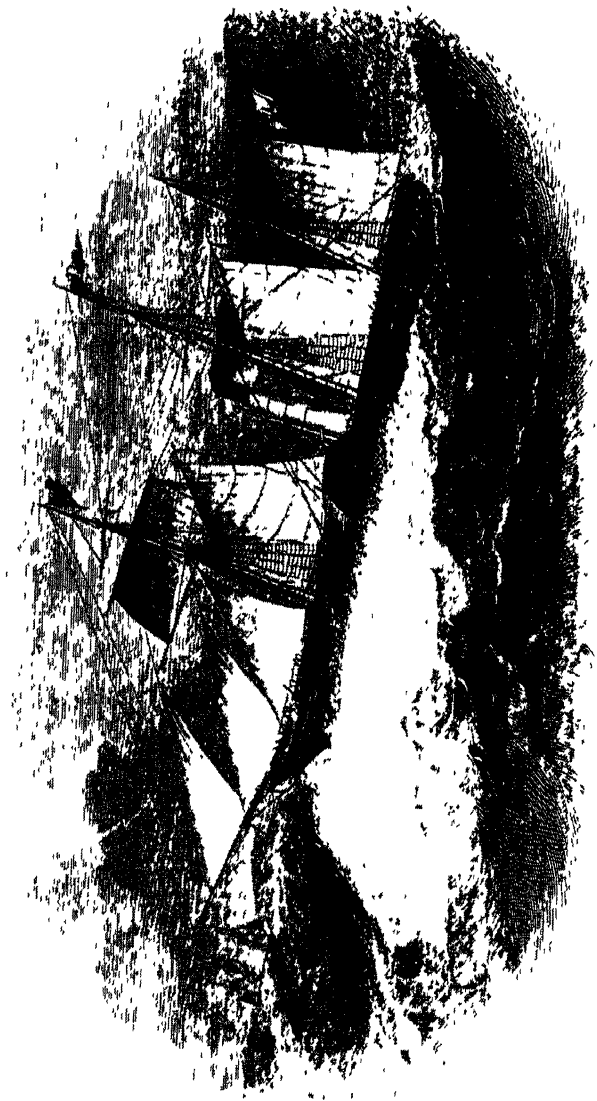
The weather continuing obstinately and almost unprecedentedly bad, we usually straggled into the ladies' cabin, more or less faint and miserable, about an hour before noon, and lay down on the sofas to recover; during which interval, the captain would look in to communicate the state of the wind, the moral certainty of its changing tomorrow (the weather is always going to improve tomorrow, at sea), the vessel's rate of sailing, and so forth. Observations there were none to tell us of, for there was no sun to take them by. But a description of one day will serve for all the rest. Here it is.

The captain being gone, we compose ourselves to read, if the place be light enough; and if not, we doze and talk alternately. At one, a bell rings, and the stewardess comes down with a steaming dish of baked potatoes, and another of roasted apples; and plates of pig's face, cold ham, salt beef; or perhaps a smoking mess of rare hot collops. We fall-to upon these dainties; eat as much as we can

(we have great appetites now) ; and are as long as possible about it. If the fire will burn (it *will* sometimes) we are pretty cheerful. If it won't, we all remark to each other that it's very cold, rub our hands, cover ourselves with coats and cloaks, and lie down again to doze, talk, and read (provided as aforesaid) , until dinner-time.

At five, another bell rings, and the stewardess reappears with another dish of potatoes — boiled this time — and store of hot meat of various kinds: not forgetting the roast pig, to be taken medicinally. We sit down at table again (rather more cheerfully than before) ; prolong the meal with a rather moldy dessert of apples, grapes, and oranges; and drink our wine and brandy-and-water. The bottles and glasses are still upon the table, and the oranges and so forth are rolling about according to their fancy and the ship's way, when the doctor comes down, by special nightly invitation, to join our evening rubber: immediately on whose arrival we make a party of whist, and as it is a rough night and the cards will not lie on the cloth, we put the tricks in our pockets as we take them.

At whist we remain with exemplary gravity (deducting a short time for tea and toast) until eleven o'clock, or thereabouts; when the captain comes down again, in a sou'-wester hat tied under his



Illustrated London News, June 4, 1842

An Early Steamer

chin, and a pilot-coat: making the ground wet where he stands. By this time the card-playing is over, and the bottles and the glasses are again upon the table; and after an hour's pleasant conversation about the ship, the passengers, and things in general, the captain (who never goes to bed, and is never out of humor) turns up his coat collar for the deck again; shakes hands all round, and goes laughing out into the weather as merrily as to a birthday party.

As to daily news, there is no dearth of that commodity. This passenger is reported to have lost fourteen pounds at *vingt-et-un* in the saloon yesterday; and that passenger drinks his bottle of champagne every day, and how he does it (being only a clerk), nobody knows. The head engineer has distinctly said that there never was such times — meaning weather — and four good hands are ill, and have given in, dead beat. Several berths are full of water, and all the cabins are leaky. The ship's cook, secretly swigging damaged whiskey, has been found drunk; and has been played upon by the fire-engine until quite sober. All the stewards have fallen down-stairs at various dinner-times, and go about with plasters in various places. The baker is ill, and so is the pastry-cook. A new man, horribly indisposed, has been required to fill the place of the latter officer; and has been propped

and jammed up with empty casks in a little house upon deck, and commanded to roll out pie-crusts, which he protests (being highly bilious) it is death to him to look at. News! A dozen murders on shore would lack the interest of these slight incidents at sea.

Divided between our rubber and such topics as these, we were running (as we thought) into Halifax harbor, on the fifteenth night, with little wind and a bright moon—indeed, we had made the light as its outer entrance, and put the pilot in charge—when suddenly the ship struck upon a bank of mud. An immediate rush on deck took place of course; the sides were crowded in an instant; and for a few minutes we were in as lively a state of confusion as the greatest lover of disorder would desire to see. The passengers, and guns, and water-casks, and other heavy matters, being all huddled together aft, however, to lighten her in the head, she was soon got off. . . .

I was dressing about half-past nine next day, when the noise above hurried me on deck. When I left it over-night, it was dark, foggy, and damp, and there were bleak hills all round us. Now, we were gliding down a smooth, broad stream, at the rate of eleven miles an hour, our colors flying gaily; our crew rigged out in their smartest clothes; our officers in uniform again; the sun shining as on

a brilliant April day in England. . . . We came to a wharf, paved with uplifted faces; got alongside, and were made fast, after some shouting and straining of cables; darted, a score of us, along the gangway, almost as soon as it was thrust out to meet us, and before it had reached the ship — and leaped upon the firm glad earth again! . . .

We lay there seven hours, to deliver and exchange the mails. At length, having collected all our bags and all our passengers, . . . the engines were again put in motion and we stood off for Boston.

Encountering squally weather again in the Bay of Fundy, we tumbled and rolled about as usual all that night and all next day. On the next afternoon, that is to say, on Saturday, January 22, an American pilot-boat came alongside, and soon afterwards the *Britannia* steam-packet from Liverpool, eighteen days out, was telegraphed at Boston.

XVI

THE *GREAT WESTERN*

XVI

THE GREAT WESTERN

TIME	— 1838.
PASSENGER	— W. A. Foster.
VOYAGE	— <i>From Bristol, England, to New York.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Great Western.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>The Logs of the First Voyage Made With the Unceasing Aid of Steam Between England and America by the Great Western of Bristol, also an Appendix and Remarks by Christopher Claxton; Bristol, England, 1838, pp. 63-72</i>

W. A. Foster, a passenger on the *Great Western*, was the author of the "Journal of the Voyage" which forms a part of "The Logs." He is described in the book as a highly talented gentleman of Philadelphia and speaks of himself as a journalist. Nothing more about him is known. His journal, written in the florid style of his time, helps incidentally to explode the idea that there had ever been anything romantic about traveling on a sailing ship.

Our departure from Bristol was at the appointed time of sailing. Having got on board a small steamer . . . we left the foot of the Cumberland,

or outer basin, at a few minutes past 2 P.M. to join the *Great Western* at the mouth of the river Avon.

The day was an unpropitious one. A strong breeze, almost a gale, blew dead against us . . . and having the tide against us our passage was prolonged. We reached the *Great Western* at about 5 P.M. and strange it seemed. So strongly had curiosity been excited by this vessel, that we, who had now come to take our departure by her were obliged to wait whilst a small steamer, thronged with eager visitants, left her side to make room for us.

We joined her; and as is ever the case on ship-board at the appointed moment of sailing, everything was pell-mell. It seems little short of professional, or in conformity with some quirk in a sailor's creed, that it should be so; . . . spars, boards, boxes, barrels, sails, cordage, seemingly without number, stirred well together, coals for the ground work, baggage to infinity; captain scolding, mates bawling, men growling and passengers in the midst of all, in the way of everything and everybody, is a pretty good description of the state of a ship's deck generally when about to get under way. . . . The breeze having now increased to a gale, it was determined by Capt. Hosken to lie by until the morning; so each installing himself into his little castle, found enough to do in the arrangement of it to amuse him for the evening.

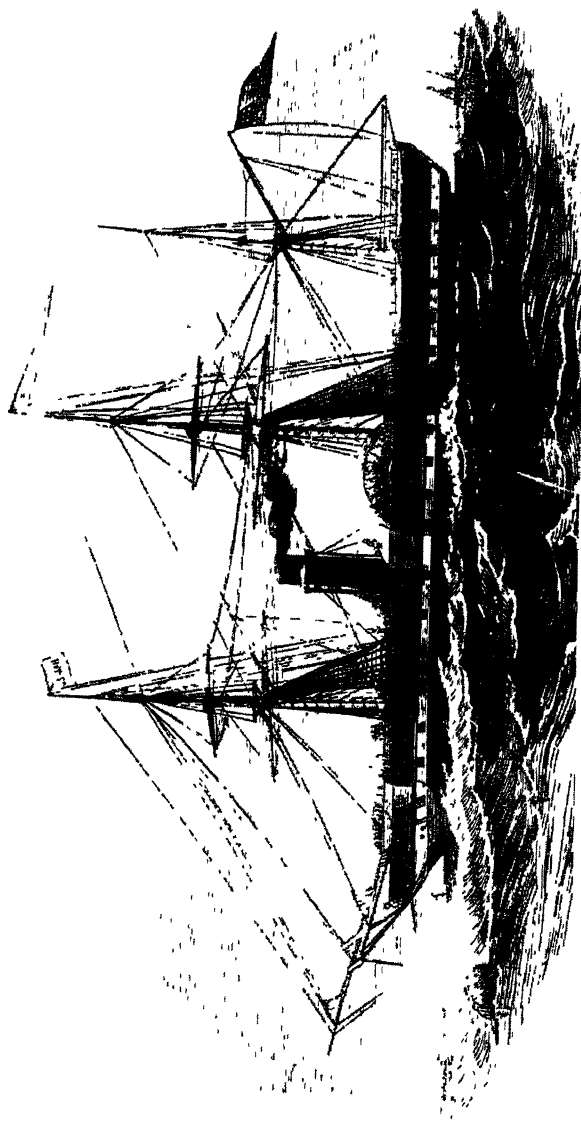
Sunday, April 8. — At 8 A.M. this morning our ears were saluted by the low roar of the furnaces which announced the kindling of the fires, the note of preparation for departure. At 9 the steam was up; our colors were hoisted; the British ensign at our gaff, while that of our own country, the land of our present hope, was assigned an honorable place at the fore. The call for all hands was immediately made with the order to man the windlass. It was over two hours before the anchor was at the bow, a delay at which all grew impatient but unavoidable by reason of the great scope of chain out and everything being new the windlass worked stiffly.

At 12 we were fairly off, and whatever misgivings might previously have assailed us in the contemplation of our voyage, I believe that at this moment there was not a faltering heart amongst us. Such stability, such power, such provision against every probable or barely possible contingency and such order presented itself everywhere on board as was sufficient to allay all fear. That there should latterly have been a doubt as to the practicability and safety of a passage by steam across the Atlantic seems indeed strange. . . . The evening found us at the mouth of the Bristol Channel, making our way against a head wind and an ugly hard sea.

Monday, April 9. — The morning opened upon us delightfully and with such a face as made our steamer glorious; sunny and quiet the sea heaved in glassy volumes disturbed only immediately around us by the plunge of our paddle wheels and the rapid progress of the vessel. To one accustomed to the associations of the sea, as they are usually presented to a voyager on a sailing vessel, the effect was very striking. . . .

Tuesday, April 10. — At 2 A.M. two sail in sight; a large ship abeam to windward, standing East, a ship on the weather bow, close hauled on the larboard tack. Soon discovered a black ball painted in the foretopsail of the latter, for which we knew her for a packet; hoisted our colors, the American at the fore; keep the steamer up a point and at 2 passed and spoke her; the *South American*, seven days out of Liverpool for New York. . . . The meeting of a packet ship, a creature I may call it of proud eminence, a sort of contest and triumph was at that moment in our hands. . . . As we approached the steamer stretched to windward, though not near enough to hail, our engines were stopped; the ship shot ahead, and gathering our way again we passed under his stern and up to leeward. It was a noble sight. . . .

Wednesday, April 11. — This morning we were surprised by the appearance of a bouquet on one



Illustrated London News, July 3, 1847

The American Steamship *Washington*

of our cabin tables; hyacinths, daffodils, violets and primroses at sea! . . .

Thursday, April 12. — The repose of last night might be compared to a tossing in a blanket, and a dance of pot-hooks and frying pans was nothing in din to the glorious clatter among the movables that accompanied it; to a sailor it would be quite enough to say, the wind was “right aft,” the text to a whole chapter of horrors. The motion of a ship under sail has sometimes been compared to the noble bearing of a stately horse; it is a pretty simile and a vastly exciting one when upon a smooth sea we can fancy our nag ambles well; or even in a breeze when mounting the waves with a side wind, the exhilaration of the moment may persuade us that we prance upon the deep; but with the wind abaft the interminable ceaseless roll is beyond the power of imagination to liken to anything to which Providence ever set a gait. The congregated infirmities of all the halt in Christendom could scarce be worse.

The difference of motion by a side wind and one abaft is that with the former, however the ship may pitch, she is still so much inclined, always pressed over by the wind, that whatever moves is sure to go to the lower side or down to leeward and will there lie quietly. But when before the wind the ship rolls descending to equal points on either side

and the consequence is that everything not absolutely spiked or lashed down hard and fast plays at every oscillation to the utmost of its tether, accompanying the movement with its own peculiar music of creak, clatter or squeak as the case may be. Sometimes as if by way of climax the water tumbles in over one gunwhale, swashing over the deck and dribbling by every aperture into the cabin below; then rolling again, as if to court the embraces of a sister wave, the ship descends and again pours a briny sweet one over the other. Sitting or standing at such a time is equally an exertion of our best powers of tenacity and to take to one's berth may be likened to seeking refuge within the arms of a demented sentry box. And with all this, the confusion, the row among chairs, trunks and all the locomotive paraphernalia of the cabin, the never-dying conflict of platters, spoons and dishes in the steward's room, the creaking of bulkheads and the occasional thump and rumble of a "fetch away" on deck form an aggregate and ludicrous discomfort unequaled by the most refined misery which any derangement or disorder on shore could possibly inflict. I speak now of what sometimes occurs at sea. We have not had anything quite of this order.

Friday, April 13. — The day has been interesting by experiments upon our engines; the object

was to ascertain the speed of the vessel relatively with the degree of power applied and the required consumption of coal. . . . Our sails were set during the day, with the wind from the southward, but so light as could have had no appreciable influence on our experiments. The morning was thus well nigh consumed; and a day thus spent at sea, to and fro on deck — upon the wing as it might be, is seldom given in the end to sedentary occupations, or to any pursuit more profitable than a prolonged lounge. Our strolls for the afternoon lay between the jib-boom end and the poop, watching the heaving of the sea and the motion of the vessel; and we were at least exhilarated if made none the wiser by our peregrinations. . . .

Saturday, April 14. — The bouquet has our care. It is among the first duties of the morning to look at it; to cull its withered leaves and replenish the water. It has become a matter of ambition with us to carry into New York a flower still fresh, though plucked in England. Saturday afternoon on board ship is made to bear some likeness to the termination of the same day on shore by a likeness in its duties; a general clearing up and marked preparation for Sunday. We had enough of it. Forgetting all else in the bustle, I will merely mention that our decks were holystoned. The moment chosen invariably happens to be that at which

you have fallen into an afternoon nap or are enjoying the rapture of morning dreams.

The day being smooth the engines were stopped at noon, for the first time on the passage, to examine the paddle wheels and to "screw up."

Sunday, April 15. — All sail set, our ship going nobly on. Nowhere is the influence of fine weather upon the spirits more strongly felt than at sea. . . . Sunday on board ship is mostly marked and as perceptible by every external characteristic as it is on shore. Swept decks, clean clothes, smooth chins and no work among the crew. . . . At 2 A.M. we had service in the upper cabin; prayers read by the captain.

Tuesday, April 17. — The past night and day have afforded us in some measure an opportunity of testing the power of steam against the adverse influences of weather, a gale in our teeth and a sea a-head, which in volume is seldom found in any part of the Atlantic beyond the limits of the Banks of Newfoundland. Our ship behaved nobly. . . . In consequence of the heavy sea the working of the engines was reduced to ten revolutions per minute, during which time it is shown by the result of the observations of the morning that we made an average of five knots per hour. The morning found our cabin in some confusion,

as is usual on shipboard after a rough night. Among other mishaps the little pitcher holding our bouquet had fetched away and the flowers lay bruised and strewed about the carpet.

Wednesday, April 18. — In making a voyage in the *Great Western* every day affords occasion for the expression of astonishment at the progress of science and the attainment of human power.

Thursday, April 19. — To an accustomed sailor, a minion of the winds, it is long before the novelty of a steamer at sea with all the attendant circumstances of its internal economy can wear itself into familiarity. Chiefly he feels a strange relief in the absence of care about the weather or the winds. . . . The never ceasing question of the morning to which he is used "How is the wind?" or "How does she head?" . . . now discontinued; and in place . . . he hears the common parlance of everyday life. . . . The space too, and as far as regards the *Great Western* the splendor around continually surprise him. . . . The richness below, the cabin, seems the expression of individual taste and the elegance of a bountiful hospitality rather than a provision for the common participation of the wayfarer; and this at sea, too! The change is a pleasant one, and to the older voyager . . . the more delightful, as he alone can truly

estimate the change, a transition from the endurances, to what may be called the luxuries . . . of a sea life.

Friday, April 20. — A more than usually heavy sea has left us little with which to occupy ourselves today. . . . Towards evening the sea became more smooth, the wind hauling to the northward; sudden transitions of this kind more than once upon our voyage have led us to the idea that the power of locomotion gives us an advantage never before dreamt of . . . that, in short, we may very much decrease the endurance of foul weather by running out of it.

Saturday, April 21. — The afternoon was diversified by a sharp snow squall. It continued until our masts, sails and rigging were completely hung in its fleecy drapery; and until the snow lay nearly two inches upon our decks; the result of which was a thorough set to at snow-balls by all the idlers of the cabin. Saturday evening on board ship is mostly a time of some distinction and this being the last we looked for on our voyage both dinner time and evening were made merry; at the former the health of the captain was drunk for the tenth time, I believe, on the passage.

Sunday, April 22. — The day has partaken of something of the excitement of anticipated arrival; the anchors were got over the bows, the

cables were got up and bent, and all those arrangements made which mark the approach to land; and as is ever the case among the idlers, the disposition to do little else than lounge and talk and dream of the things of the morrow prevailed over every other incentive to occupation.

Monday, April 23. — We have a morning such as in every way we could have desired, bright and tranquil; the enjoyment of it is in happy keeping with our recollections of the whole voyage. At 10 A.M. we were joined by the pilot; his boat, a graceful little schooner, came down before a fine breeze. . . . It was amusing to observe the wonderment of the tenants of the little craft at our vessel. . . . At 12 noon the cry of land ran through the ship; and in an instant there was a rush to the poop, the rigging, the forecastle, the highest points of the vessel; it was there ahead. . . .

There is something, too, of the ludicrous withal at such a time. The resurrection of "other" clothes and the exchange of hats for caps, make such changes as seem almost to claim the necessity of other introductions. The rusty jacket as suddenly become the superfine black long-tailed, and the out-at-elbows of yesterday sports now, perhaps, the finest fleece of the flock. . . . At 3 P.M. we passed the Narrows, opening the bay and harbor of New York, our sails all furled and the engines

at their topmost speed. The sky-lights to our cabin abaft are made to form two tables on deck, mahogany topped, with a most witching look of invitation to a repast upon them whenever a smooth sea and sunny day made it pleasant to dine or lunch beneath the awning. . . . Wine and fruit had been set out upon them, . . . the health of Britain's Queen had just been proposed and drunk . . . when the fort opened fire. . . . Our colors were lowered in acknowledgment of the compliment and the burst which accompanied it from our decks, drinking to the President and the country and breaking wine again was more loud and joyous than if at the moment we had unitedly overcome a common enemy. . . .

Boats had gathered around us . . . flags were flying, guns were firing. . . . It was an exciting moment — a moment of triumph! Experiment then ceased — certainty was attained — our voyage was accomplished.

XVII

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN 1834

XVII

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN 1834

TIME	— 1834.
PASSENGER	— <i>Harriet Martineau.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Liverpool to New York.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The United States.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>Retrospect of Western Travel, by Harriet Martineau; London, 1838, pp. 13 to 35.</i>

Harriet Martineau was born at Norwich, England, on June 12, 1802, and died in 1876. She never possessed the sense of smell and taste and by her sixteenth year was deaf. As a child she was generally sickly, but she started writing at an early age and became a prolific writer on miscellaneous subjects. In 1834 she came to America and traveled over the Eastern and Southern States gathering material for her famous books, "Society in America" and "Retrospect of Western Travel." These books caused a considerable uproar in the United States, especially in the South, and were damned even more heartily than Dickens's "American Notes." In later life Harriet became a confirmed invalid and turned to mesmerism. She never married.

The packet-ship in which my passage was taken, the *United States*, Captain Nathan Holdrege, was

to have sailed from Liverpool on Friday, August 8, 1834, at eleven o'clock. At half past ten my fellow-traveler and I, with our friends, were on the way to the dock, in some doubt about our departure, from the wind being directly against us, when we met a gentleman interested in the sailing of the vessel, who told us that we might turn back, as the captain had given up all hope of getting out of port that day. This was uncomfortable news enough. We had bidden farewell to many friends, half the pain of parting was over, and there was little pleasure in having it all to go through again.

We resolved to proceed to the dock, to put our baggage on board, and see for ourselves the true state of affairs. It was not very agreeable. The deck was encumbered with water-casks and chests; the captain was figeting about, giving his orders in a voice rather less placid than ordinary; a great number of inquiring persons, who had come down to see us off, had to be told that we were not going today, and why; and several of the American passengers were on the spot, looking very melancholy. Here they were left with four-and-twenty dreary and expensive hours upon their hands, and who knew how many more than four-and-twenty!

We sauntered all the afternoon in the Zoological Gardens, and, as we returned, caught each other looking up at every weathercock we passed. On

the morrow the weathercock told no better news; and a note was on the breakfast-table which informed us that there was no chance of our sailing that day. . . . Our sea-dresses would not serve for a Sunday in Liverpool, and our books and work were all on board with our wardrobes. The tidings were therefore welcome which were brought early in the forenoon, that the captain had engaged a steamboat to tow us out to sea. By eleven o'clock the carriage of a friend was at the door, with bouquets of flowers, and baskets of grapes and other acid refreshments, which it was thought might be welcome at sea. . . .

When we arrived at the dock we found there was really to be no further delay. The knots of friends, the crowds of gazers were gathering; the steamer was hissing and puffing in the river, and the song of the sailors was heard, as they were warping our ship out of the dock. In a few minutes we and the other passengers were requested to stop on board. I first carried my flowers down to my stateroom, intending to hide them there till we should be out of sight of land, when an apparition of fresh flowers upon deck might be more than commonly welcome. I then took my station by a window of the roundhouse, whence I could see all that passed on shore without being much seen. . . .

The greater number went below to make ar-

rangements in their staterooms; and afterward ensued the ceremony of introducing the company to each other on deck. Our number was twenty-three, six of whom formed the party to which I belonged; or, rather, so it seemed to ourselves before we went on board. The distinction was afterward forgotten, for the company assembled was, with two or three exceptions, so exceedingly agreeable and so wonderfully congenial, considering how accidentally we were brought together, that we mingled completely as one part. . . .

The cold dinner and drinking of healths customary on the day of sailing succeeded. Then there was the library to look over, and trial to be made of a seat on the rail, whence we could see the dim shores as we glided smoothly along in the wake of the steamer. By the time it was dusk the latter had performed her engagement. We saw the payment handed over, and the shaking of hands of the two captains, and then she disengaged herself from us, and began ploughing her way to the north coast of Ireland. We felt very helpless when she was gone, the little wind there was being unfavorable.

On Tuesday began my experience of the pleasures of the sea. The wind had freshened to a strong breeze, which had so rocked us in our berths that I rose miserably ill. I was strongly persuaded of the necessity of exertion in seasickness, of having

fresh air, and of getting out of the way of the sights and sounds of the cabin; and I therefore persevered in dressing and going up to the deck. There was the captain, with only one passenger to talk with, and heartily glad at the prospect of another being convalescent. He seated me on the rail, where I kept my eyes away from the helpless invalids who were strewed about the deck, and in half an hour I was quite well.

We were careering along in most exhilarating style. The wind was so strong as to put the wearing a bonnet out of the question. I had happily been furnished with a sort of cap, which no lady should go to sea without; a black silk cap, well wadded. With the head thus defended, and a large warm cloak, a lady may abide almost any weather, and avoid the *desagremens* and unwholesomeness of the cabin. My eye was never weary of watching the dashing and boiling of the dark green waves, from the gray horizon to the ship's side; and I know of no motion so gladsome as that of riding the high billows in a brisk breeze. . . .

My flowers did not disappoint my expectations. They were still quite fresh on the Wednesday, when, as we were out of sight of land, I carried them up to the deck, and gave each passenger one, that being precisely my supply. I never saw flowers give so much pleasure before. . . .

In two or three days more all but two ladies and one gentleman had settled themselves into the routine of sea life. It was very desirable that they should do so, as on August 15 we were still little more than three hundred miles from Liverpool. It would have been dismal to add idleness and unsettledness to the discouragement caused by such a beginning of our voyage. Our mode of life was very simple and quiet; to me, very delightful. I enjoyed it so much that I delayed beginning my letters home till we had been a week at sea, lest I should write some extravagance which I should afterward have to qualify or retract. None of my subsequent experience, however, has altered my feeling that a voyage is the most pleasant pastime I have ever known.

The passengers showed themselves upon deck some time between seven and nine in the morning. Each one either made his way to the binnacle to see for himself what course we were upon, or learned the important intelligence from some obliging individual who held the fact at the general service. We all asked the captain at first, but soon discontinued the practice when we found that favorable answers were likely to be rare, and how it must vex him to tell us every morning that we were scarcely getting on at all.

After a brisk morning's walk upon deck, no one

was sorry to hear the breakfast-bell. Breakfast was the most cheerful meal of the day. If ever there was any news to tell, it was then. The early risers could sometimes speak to the sluggards of a big fish, of a passing sail, of a frolic among the sailors. . . .

After breakfast, the gentlemen who kept journals produced their writing-cases in the cabin. The ladies sat in sunny or shaded places on deck, netting, making table-mats, or reading, or mounted the railing to talk or look abroad. I had a task to do, which is a thing that should be avoided on board ship. I had a long article to write; and nothing else would I do, on fine mornings, till it was finished. It is disagreeable writing in the cabin, with people flitting all about one. It is unwholesome writing in one's stateroom in the month of August. The deck is the only place.

From four to six we were dining. Some of us felt it rather annoying to be so long at table; but it is a custom established on board these packets, for the sake, I believe, of those who happen to find the day too long. Such persons need compassion, and their happier companions can afford to sacrifice something to their ease; so no one objects openly to devoting two of the best hours of the day to dinner and dessert. The rush up to the deck, however, when they are over, shows what the taste of

the majority is. One afternoon the ladies were called down again, and found in their cabin a surprise at least as agreeable as my flowers. A dessert of pines and grapes had been sent in by a gentleman who found that a friend had put a basket of choice fruits on board for his use, but who preferred favoring the ladies with them. He was sent for to preside at the table he had thus spread, and was not a little rallied by his brother passengers on his privileges. These things seem trifles on paper, but they yield no trifling amusement on a voyage.

After tea the cabin was busy with whist and chess parties, readers, and laughers and talkers. On damp and moonless evenings I joined a whist party; but my delight was the deck at this time, when I had it all to myself, or when I could at least sit alone in the stern. I know no greater luxury than sitting alone in the stern on fine nights. . . .

There must be many a set-off against such hours, however, or the whole world would be rushing to sea. There would be parties to the Azores as there now are to Rome, and people would be doubling the Capes as they now cross the Simplon. There are disagreeable hours and days at sea; whole days when the ship rolls so as to stop employment in the cabin, and the rain pours down so as to prevent any weary passenger from putting out his head upon deck; when the captain is to be seen outside

in his sea-coat, with the water streaming from nose, chin, hat, and every projection of his costume; when every one's limbs are aching with keeping himself from tumbling over his neighbor; when the tea and coffee are cold, and all that is liquid is spilled, and everything solid thrown out of its place.

The best thing to be done on such days is to sit in the roundhouse, each one well wedged in between two, the balustrade in front, and the wall behind; all as loquacious as possible, talking all manner of sense or nonsense that may occur; those who can joke, joking; those who can sing, singing; those who know any new games, teaching them. This is better than the only other thing that can be done, lying in one's heaving berth; better, not only because it is more sociable, but because there is a fairer chance of appetite and sleep after the exercise of laughing (be the laughter about anything or nothing) than after a day of uncomfortable listlessness.

A calm is a much less disagreeable affair, though it is not common to say so. The worst quality of a calm is that it tries tempers a little too far. If there be an infirmity of temper, it is sure to come out then. At such a time there is much playing of shuffleboard upon deck, and the matches do not always end harmoniously. "You touched mine

with your foot." "I did not, I declare." "Now, don't say so," &c., &c. "You are eight." "No, we are ten." "I can show you you are only eight." "Well, if you can't count any better than that," and so on. After three days of calm there may be heard a subdued tone of scolding from the whist party at the top of the table, and a stray oath from some checkmated person lower down.

I had heard so much at home of the annoyances on board ship, that I made a list of them at the time for the consolation of my friends at home, who were, I suspected, bestowing more compassion upon me than I had any title to. I find them noted down as follows:

Next to the sickness, an annoyance scarcely to be exaggerated while it lasts, there is, first, the damp clammy feel of everything you touch. Remedy: to wear gloves constantly, and clothes which are too bad to be spoiled. In this latter device nearly the whole company were so accomplished that it was hard to say who excelled.

Next, want of room. The remedy for this is a tight, orderly putting away of everything; for which there is plenty of time.

Thirdly, the candles flare, and look untidy from running down twice as fast as they burn. Remedy: to go out of the way of them; to the stern, for instance, where there are far better lights to be seen.

Fourthly, the seats and beds are all as hard as boards: a grievance where one cannot always walk when one's limbs want resting with exercise. Remedy: patience. Perhaps air-cushions may be better still.

Fifthly, warning is given to be careful in the use of water. Remedy: to bathe in seawater, and drink cider at dinner.

Sixthly, the cider is apt to get low. Remedy: take to soda-water, ale, hock, or claret.

Seventhly, the scraping of the deck sets one's teeth on edge. For this I know of no remedy but patience; for the deck must be scraped.

Eighthly, the rattling, stamping, and clattering overhead when the sails are shifted in the night. Remedy: to go to sleep again.

Ninthly, sour bread. Remedy: to eat biscuit instead.

Tenthly, getting sunburnt. Remedy: not to look in the glass.

These are all that I can allow from my own experience. Some people talk of danger, but I do not believe there is more than in traveling on land.

A bad captain must be the worst of annoyances, to judge by contrast from the comfort we enjoyed under the government of an exceedingly good one. We had all great faith in Captain Holdrege as an excellent sailor; and we enjoyed daily and hourly

proofs of his kindness of heart, and desire to make everybody about him happy. It was amazing with what patience he bore the teasings of some who were perpetually wanting to know things that he could not possibly tell them; when we should be at New York, and so forth. The gentleman who unconsciously supplied the most merriment to the party waylaid the captain one busy morning; one of the first when there had been anything for the captain to do, and he was in such a bustle that nobody else dreamed of speaking to him.

"Captain," said the gentleman, "I want to speak to you."

"Another time, sir, if you please. I am in a hurry now."

"But, captain, I want to speak to you very much."

"Speak, then, sir, and be quick, if you please."

"Captain, I am very glad you have a cow on board, because of the milk."

"Hum," said the captain, and went on with his business. . . .

We went south of "the banks," and so missed something besides the fogs: our hoped-for treat of fresh cod, and the spectacle of the fishermen's boats. Hereabout the dog in the steerage smelt land, and stood snuffing, with his paws on the rail. A wild pigeon flew on board, too, supposed to be

from Newfoundland; and the air was sensibly colder, as it becomes on approaching the shore. The lottery with which the gentlemen had amused themselves became now very interesting. It consisted of ten tickets, at a sovereign each, answering to the ten days during which it had been thought probable that we should land. The two earliest were now sold for a shilling and eighteenpence; and the captain gave five pounds for the last, which bore date the 11th. This seemed to indicate the captain's expectation that our progress would still be slow; but we were scarcely more likely to land on the 11th than on the 4th or 5th.

A passenger beckoned the captain out of the cabin one evening about this time, and asked him to look down into the hold, where a tallow candle, with a long wick, was seen leaning over the side of a candlestick, which was standing on a heap of loose cotton! Such are the perils that careless sailors will expose themselves and others to. The captain took care to impress his crew with his opinion on the matter.

I believe a regular piece of amusement on board these packet-ships is emptying the letter-bags out on the deck. A fine morning is chosen for this; and to a person who sits on the rail it affords a pretty picture. The ladies draw their chairs round the immense heap of letters; the gentlemen lie at

length, and scarcely an epistle escapes comment. A shout of mirth bursts forth now and then at some singular name or mode of address; commonly at some Irish epistle, addressed to an emigrant in some out-of-the-way place, which there is scarcely room to insert, though the direction runs from corner to corner over the whole square.

About this time a pedler, who was among the steerage passengers, appeared on deck with his wares. His pretence was, that some of his silk handkerchiefs and gloves had got slightly spotted at sea, and that he was not so anxious as before to carry them to New York. However this might be, the merchant showed himself a shrewd man. He saw that the pleasure of shopping, after being for some weeks out of sight of land, would open to him the purse of many a passenger. It was most amusing to see the eagerness of both gentlemen and ladies, and their pleasure in purchases which they would have disdained on shore. For the next two or three days the company was spruce in damaged handkerchiefs, and ribands, and mildewed gloves, rending in all directions; while the pedler escaped duties, and stepped ashore with a heavy purse and light pack.

On the 15th we were still between five and six hundred miles from our port. A sheep had

jumped overboard, and so cheated us of some of our mutton. The vegetables were getting very dry. It was found best not to look into the dishes of dried fruits which formed our dessert. All was done that care and cookery could do; but who could have anticipated such a length of voyage? Open declarations of *ennui* began to be made by not a few; and I was almost afraid to own, in answer to questions, that I was not tired of the sea; but I could not honestly say that I was. The gentlemen began to spar at table about the comparative merits of England and America. The cider, ale, soda-water, and claret were all gone, and we were taking to porter, which must needs soon come to an end.

Some show of preparation to land was this day made, and a lively bustle ensued on the first hint from the captain. He went round to take down the names of the passengers at length, in order to their being reported on arrival. The ages had to be affixed to the names; and as the captain could not ask the ladies for their ages, he committed it to the gentlemen to decide upon each. The ladies, who were quilling, trimming, and sorting their things in their own cabin, could not conceive the meaning of the shouts of laughter which came from the top of the gentlemen's table, till a young Carolinian came and told what the fun was. The stand-

ing joke is to make the young ladies many years too old, and the old ladies ridiculously young; and this was done now, the ladies considering the affair no business of theirs. One lady, who had frequently crossed, told me that ten years before she had been set down as forty; she stood now as twenty-four.

On the 17th we were surrounded with weed, and Mother Carey's chickens began to disappear. Soundings were this day taken, and I was called to see and touch the first American soil, the thimbleful deposited on the lead. The next day, Thursday, the wind continuing fair, we were within one hundred miles of our port, and all was liveliness and bustle.

At five, on the morning of the 19th, I started up, and at the foot of the companion-way was stopped by a Scotch lady, who told me I might go back again, as we were becalmed, and I might see the shore just as well two hours hence. This was being a little too cool about such a matter. All the morning I sat on the rail, or played sister Anne to the ladies below, when once the wind had freshened, and we glided slowly along towards Sandy Hook. "Now I see a large white house." "Now I see Neversink. Come up and see Neversink!" "Now I see a flock of sheep on the side of a hill; and now

a fisherman standing beside his boat," and so forth.

What were the ladies below for? They were dressing for the shore. The gentlemen, too, vanished from the deck, one by one, and reappeared in glossy hats, coats with the creases of the portmanteau upon them, and the first really black shoes and boots we had seen for weeks. The quizzing which was properly due to the discarded seagarmments was now bestowed on this spruce costume; and every gentleman had to encounter a laugh as he issued from the companion-way. We agreed to snatch our meals as we pleased this day. No one was to remain at table longer than he liked. Everything looked joyous. The passengers were in the most amiable mood; we were in sight of a score of ships crossing the bar at Sandy Hook; the last company of porpoises were sporting alongside, and shoals of glittering white fish rippled the water.

The captain was fidgety, however. Those vessels crossing the bar might be rival packet-ships, and no pilot was yet to be seen. "Here he is!" cried a dozen voices at once; and an elegant little affair of a boat was seen approaching. A curious-looking old gentleman swung himself up, and seemed likely to be torn in pieces by the ravenous inquirers for news. He thrust an armful of newspapers among us, and beckoned the captain to the stern,

where the two remained in a grave consultation for a few minutes, when the captain called one of the lady passengers aside to ask her a question. What the pilot wanted to know was, whether George Thomson, the Abolitionist missionary, was on board. He was to have been, but was not. The pilot declared that this was well, as he could not have been landed without the certainty of being destroyed within a week, the Abolition riots in New York having taken place just before. . . .

Next arrived a boat from the newspaper office of the *Courier* and *Enquirer*, whose agent would not hear of dinner or any other delay, but shouldered his bag of news, got the list of our names, and was off. The American passengers, all by this time good friends of mine, came to show me, with much mirth, paragraphs in the newspapers the pilot had brought, exhorting their readers not to chew tobacco or praise themselves in my presence, under penalty of being reported of in London for these national foibles.

We were detained a long while at the quarantine ground. The doctor was three miles off, and nearly an hour elapsed before the great news reached him that we were all quite well, and we were therefore allowed to proceed. . . . We stood in the dark on the wet deck, watching the yellow lights and shadowy buildings of the shore we were

rapidly nearing, till we felt the expected shock, and jumped upon the wharf amid the warm welcome of many friends. . . .

This was at eight in the evening of September 19, 1834, after a long but agreeable voyage of forty-two days.

XVIII

THE NEW YORK PACKET

XVIII

THE NEW YORK PACKET

TIME	— 1828.
PASSENGER	— <i>James Stuart, Esq.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Liverpool to New York.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The William Thomson.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>Three Years in North America, by James Stuart; Edinburgh, 1833, pp. 1-16.</i>

James Stuart of Dunearn was born in 1775 and died in 1849. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh and after leaving the university held various government offices. He fatally wounded Sir Alexander Boswell in a duel, for which he was tried and acquitted. In 1828 he came to America and traveled in the United States and Canada. Shortly after his return to England he became editor of the *Courier* newspaper, and later inspector of factories.

I should pass over the five weeks' voyage from Liverpool to New York with very little notice, if I knew to what publication to direct those who may be desirous, before undertaking the same voyage, to obtain the requisite information respecting the sort of ship in which they must spend some time, the accommodations, the style of living, and sim-

ilar details. I had looked in vain for explanations of this nature into some of the recent publications of travelers in America, but I was not even able to learn from them the days on which the regular packet-ships from Liverpool to New York sail. I found, on reaching Liverpool, on July 15, 1828, that, wind and weather serving, they depart regularly from Liverpool and New York on the 1st, 8th, 16th, and 24th days of each month. The passage money from Liverpool to New York is thirty-five guineas, paid on agreeing for the passage, and includes every charge for provisions, wine, spirits, and liquor of all kinds. From New York to Liverpool the passage money is only thirty guineas; the voyage to Europe, owing to the greater prevalence of westerly winds, and the favorable influence of the stream from the Gulf of Mexico, being made in the packet-ships, on an average of voyages, in twenty-five days, while the voyage to the westward generally occupies forty days.

We secured our passage, soon after our arrival at Liverpool, in the packet *William Thomson*, Captain George Maxwell, — a well known ship —, Mathews the comedian, having crossed the Atlantic in her, and celebrated her, her captain and owners, on his stage. The packet-ships are of the burden of from 400 to 500 tons, generally about 500 tons. I was surprised to be told at Liverpool

that they are all American built, and that British ships are generally a fourth more time at sea, in making this voyage, than American. The latter are sharper in the bows, and not so stout, and of course sail quicker than the former; but the former, be it observed, will stand a harder knock, in case of collision, or of getting ashore. The British attend more to the capacity of the vessel to carry a large cargo, and to her stability, than to the rate at which she is to sail. At least so I was told at Liverpool, and had the information confirmed on the passage.

We sailed in the forenoon of July 16, towed out of the Mersey by a steamboat under the charge of a pilot as far as the floating light at the mouth of the river. We were speedily summoned to luncheon, at which all of the passengers appeared. There were fourteen of us, *viz.*, in the ladies' cabin, a British officer on his way to Canada, his lady, and their female servant; an unmarried English lady, on her way to visit a brother settled in the interior of the United States; my wife and myself; and in the large cabin, six gentlemen resident in the United States, two of them natives of England, one South American, and one Scotch gentleman. There were only two steerage passengers.

The crew, exclusive of the captain, consisted of two mates, the first mate, from the island of Nan-

tucket, off the coast of New England, — a hardy and excellent seaman, and a good specimen of Yankee independence, — sixteen men and a boy, of various nations, English, Irish, American, Norwegian, Prussian, and French. The three stewards and two cooks were men of color. Our total number was thus thirty-one.

There were sleeping places for thirty passengers in the cabins of the *William Thomson*, the length of the two cabins, which are thirty-one feet broad, being about sixty feet; but the staterooms, as the sleeping closets are called, are too narrow, which is generally the case in packet and merchant ships. I should have given the same character to the beds, if I had not been told on board our packet that they are purposely contracted to prevent accidents happening, by the inmates falling out of bed in a rolling sea. . . . No custom-house examination of baggage or effects took place on our leaving Liverpool.

The wind blew from the south when we got out of the Mersey. Captain Maxwell, therefore, at once decided on proceeding by the north of Ireland. . . .

It was fortunate that Captain Maxwell adopted the northern course, as we eventually had a far shorter passage than the ships which left Liverpool

with us, and for some days previously, that went by the south of Ireland. The wind for the first part of the voyage was favorable, and a fine breeze, so that we sailed at the rate of from seven to nearly nine knots an hour for the first two or three days. The first quarter of the passage, the whole distance being computed at about 3400 miles, was passed in six, and the second in nine days. Calms and contrary winds, fogs, and changes of weather, which prevail in crossing the Newfoundland Bank and Gulf stream, detained us at sea for twenty-three days longer. . . .

Captain Maxwell was most assiduous in his attentions to all, and made us feel quite at home from the first day of the voyage, treating us exactly as his guests, whom he wished to call for and enjoy every good thing he had provided for us. He left it to the passengers to arrange the hours of meals; and they decided that we should have breakfast at half past eight, luncheon at twelve, dinner at four, and tea at seven. The table was excellent, — quite as good, in all respects, as at well managed hotels in London or Edinburgh. Liquors of all kinds, port, sherry, Madeira, and claret, with champagne three or four times a week, and porter, cider, soda water, brandy, whisky, &c. without any other charge than the passage money. There was a cow

on board, which supplied us with many luxuries; and we had plenty of live stock to the very end of the voyage.

Captain Maxwell had provided a small library in the large cabin for the use of the passengers. Reading and walking on deck occupied our forenoons. We generally spent about two hours at dinner. And in the evening, after a walk on deck, there was a rubber of whist for those who liked it. Some amusement was afforded by our daily stock exchange meetings for buying and selling tickets in a lottery, the prize in which was destined for the holder of the ticket, marked with the day of the month, on which we should receive the pilot, who was to conduct us through the channel to New York. We had each of us early in the voyage subscribed a small sum, and drawn two of thirty-two tickets, marked with one of sixteen days and nights, on which our arrival on the American coast was considered to be possible. . . .

We had very calm weather for a day or two, when passing the Newfoundland Banks, and amused ourselves in fishing. Some excellent cod were caught, and a greater supply obtained in exchange for salted pork, and other articles from a Nova Scotia fishing smack, whose crew, with unshaven beards, were most barbarous looking per-

sons, ignorant of their longitude and latitude, and even of the day of the month and week. . . .

Most of us found our taste, both as to what we ate and drank, more capricious than usual; but a good appetite, especially at dinner, was pretty universal; and unless for cathartics, very generally useful at sea, recourse was not had to the apothecary's shop during the voyage, except for one seaman, who had an aguish attack near the end of it. . . .

The morning of August 23 was rather unfavorable for our course: but a breeze from the eastward having sprung up in the forenoon, Captain Maxwell announced to us about eleven o'clock that he expected that we should very soon see land. About half an hour afterwards, the hills of Neversink, on the Jersey coast, . . . were described. Nowhere is the triumph of science more remarkable than on such an occasion as this when, after a voyage of 3000 or 4000 miles, out of sight of land for about a month, we regain the first glimpse of it at the very spot the nearest to our destined port. . . .

There could not be a more charming afternoon, nor more cloudless sky, than when we passed Sandy Hook, and got the first peep of the delightful scene within it. . . .

As soon as we reached the wharf on the east side of the city, several gentlemen from the custom-house stepped on board to seal the doors of the cabins until the baggage is examined, and to see that the necessary articles to be taken on shore immediately contain nothing for which any duty is chargeable.

XIX

ACROSS THE GULF OF MEXICO

XIX

ACROSS THE GULF OF MEXICO

TIME	— 1824.
PASSENGER	— <i>Charles Joseph Latrobe.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From the mouth of the Mississippi to Tampico.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Halcyon.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>The Rambler in Mexico, by Charles Joseph Latrobe; London, 1830, pp. 1 to 8.</i>

Charles Joseph Latrobe was the son of the Rev. Christian Ignatius Latrobe, a musical composer, and the head of the United Brethren (Moravian) Church in England (1757–1878). The son was born at London, March 20, 1801 and died there December 2, 1875. He devoted most of his life to travel. In 1832 he came to America. With Washington Irving he traveled overland from New Orleans to Mexico. He was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria in Australia in 1851 and was made C.B. in 1858. He was apparently related to the American Latrobes, one of whom, Benjamin H. (1764–1820), was an architect and engineer, and rebuilt the Capitol at Washington after it was burned by the British in 1814. Another, John H. (1803–91), wrote the charter of the first colony of American Negroes in Liberia.

I resume my correspondence with you, and herewith send you a few sheets containing a chronicle of my vernal rambles in New Spain.

The present recital introduces you to the same principal dramatis personæ, and opens, where my last closed, — on board the goelette *Halcyon*, in the Gulf of Mexico; somewhere about latitude 28° north, longitude 92° west, or within a hundred miles, more or less, of the Tropic of Cancer. It was the fifteenth of January, 1834; wind from the eastward, light but steady; sky serene, and every prospect of a fair and fortunate voyage. The distance from the Balize lighthouse at the entrance of the Mississippi, to the Bar of Tampico, towards which the head of our little vessel was directed, is about six hundred miles. . . .

The *Halcyon* was a small, two-masted vessel, of but trifling burden, though, in fact, of far too great a draught for the trade in which it was engaged, as will be seen hereafter. The peculiar details of the rig I spare you; first, because you would hardly be the wiser for them, and secondly, because I have forgotten them. Our freight below deck consisted of *notions*, or a mixed cargo of European and American manufacture, suited to the Mexican market. The hold was gorged to the hatches; the forward deck encumbered with two large piles of

merchandise and lumber, and the cabins, fore and aft, were all filled to a certain extent, much to the discomfort of the live stock on board, under which head our trio, and about forty passengers, — inclusive of a woman and child, and exclusive of half a dozen hands attached to the vessel, — must be comprised.

The low after-cabin measured about twelve feet by eight. It was furnished with four confined double berths, each containing a dirty mattress, a blanket, and, on an average, five hundred cockroaches and other creepers. Half a dozen passengers might have been accommodated with some decency in this den; nevertheless, as it was, it was devoted to the free use of five and twenty. In brief, the manner in which the vessel was crammed to repletion with live and dead stock, to the exclusion of any chance of ease, was discreditable to the owners and officers of the ship. But what could we expect from beings such as we now had to deal with! . . .

De Vignes, the captain, was a Provençal, the same, who, if report said true, commanded the *Calypso* slave-ship, with three hundred slaves on board, which was captured by an English cruiser off Matanzas. Within sight of his port, his evil star prevailed: he was observed and chased, — was

obliged to run his ship aground, and only escaped certain hanging by leaping overboard, and swimming for his life to the shore. . . .

Among those who were entitled by right of payment to the same accommodation as ourselves, — with exception of the special enjoyment of the berths and cockroaches, which we had timely secured, — there were characters such as would have made the fortune of any of the present herd of tale-weavers for the annuals and magazines. I cannot linger, however, with either Don Pablo, a fat old Spaniard, full of conceits and odd scraps of songs, going to Mexico to seek his fortune, with a good chance of being hung as a Guachupin; or Don Garcia, an exiled Mexican officer, of Iturbide's party, repairing secretly thither with reasonable expectation of being discovered and shot; — or Cortina, the captain who had lost his ship; — or Celestina, the *farceur* of the company. Neither can I give you the history of the conjuror on board; nor describe the boisterous singing and gaming, the impure orgies and impious airs of the *mauvais sujets*, French, Spanish, German; nor give the history of the fair Creole emigrating from New Orleans, with her squalling child, under the protection of a fat and portly schoolmaster of Tamaulipas, jealous and suspicious of every man on board. . . .

Thus crowded together and surrounded, it was

a blessing to be favored by wind and weather, and to have a reasonable hope of a speedy termination to our voyage. The meals, which occurred twice a day, were hasty and rude repasts, of which, hunger compelling, we all partook, standing round the raised roof of the after-cabin; below decks, it would have been impossible to have assisted at them.

Sunday was, of course, in no wise distinguished from ordinary days, by greater propriety of demeanor or calmer temper of mind. We were quite beyond the Sabbath: and the only thing which marked that such a day was entered on the log, was a quarrel, knife in hand, between the supervisor of provisions and the cook, arising from a claim to the honor of mixing the Sunday's pudding, upon which each insisted. I forget who gained the victory ultimately, but I remember that the pudding was very badly mixed, and as tough as parchment.

The morning of the fifth day after quitting the Balize . . . it fell calm. We were drifting slowly on the current to the northward. As the sun sank, however, the sea breeze filled our sails . . . and, coming in full view of the low, sandy hills on the beach, we anchored after sunset in about nine fathoms, in the roads of Tampico.

XX

AN EAST INDIAMAN

XX

AN EAST INDIAMAN

TIME	— 1811.
PASSENGER	— <i>Maria, Lady Nugent.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Ryde, Isle of Wight, to Calcutta, India.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Baring.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>A Journal from the Year 1811 till the Year 1815, Including a Voyage to and Residence in India, by Maria, Lady Nugent; London, 1839, pp. 1-73.</i>

Maria, Lady Nugent, was the daughter of Cortlandt Skinner, at one time Attorney-General of New Jersey. In 1797 she married Sir George Nugent, who in 1811 was made commander in chief of the English forces in India and later attained the rank of field marshal. She accompanied him to his various posts and kept a journal of her travels. She died in 1834.

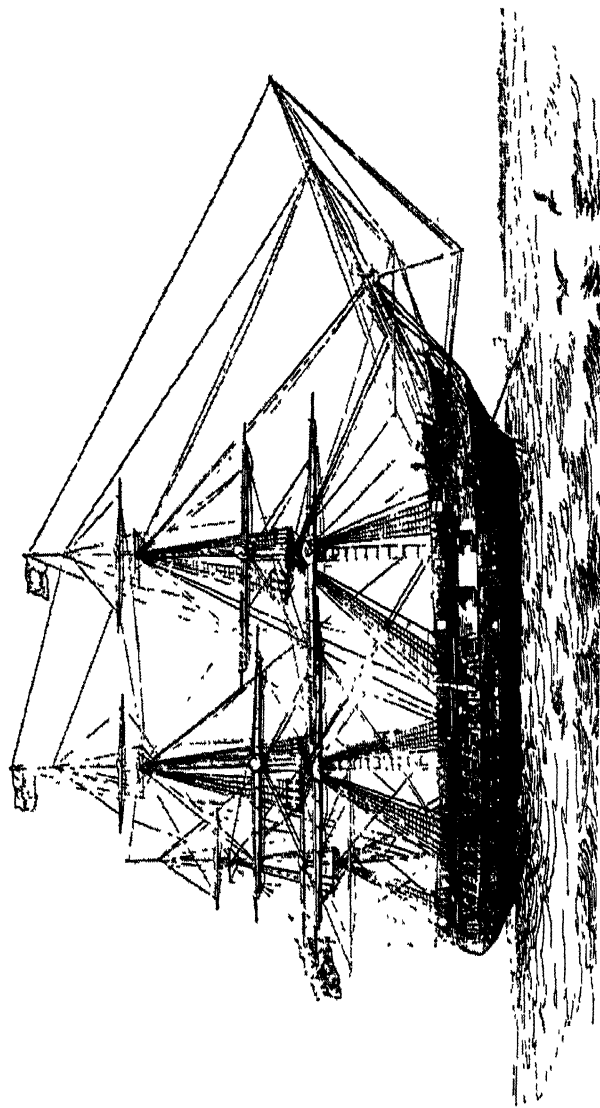
Saturday, June 1. — After passing the whole of the month of May in London, fatigued with preparations for, and agitated by the thoughts of, my voyage to India, I arrived at the George Inn, Portsmouth, on my way to the Isle of Wight. . . . Before dinner I saw Captain Templar, of the *Baring*

East Indiaman, and made many arrangements for our voyage &c. &c.; dined at 8, and went to bed at 11 o'clock. . . .

Monday, 3. — Soon after 12 o'clock went in the landau to Portsmouth Point, and embarked in Sir J. T. Duckworth's barge, which conveyed us to Sir Roger Curtis's cutter. The wind and sea were frightfully high and tempestuous. . . . After many attempts, we found we could not get into Ryde, and therefore tried to land at Nettlestone. . . . We fortunately met with the *Medusa's* barge, going for Captain Bouverie, which took us close to the shore, but then we were obliged to get into a small fishing boat to be hauled up upon the beach. . . . The gentlemen of our party walked on to Ryde, and sent a chaise for us, and a cart for our baggage. On our arrival at that place, we found two dinners prepared for us, but we only partook of one, at the Union Tavern, that being the inn most pleasantly situated. . . .

From this time till the 20th watching the winds, but they continued adverse to our sailing. . . .

On Saturday the 20th we embarked on board the *Baring* East Indiaman — but I wish to forget all I felt on that day. Passed a wretched night, and on Sunday, the 21st, the wind came round to its old point, and we returned once more to our dear



Illustrated London News, October 20, 1842

The *Queen*, East Indiaman

ones, with whom we spent another almost happy week. . . .

Saturday, 27. — Embarked once more! a dreadful night indeed. . . . Got up and joined the party on deck at 4 o'clock — dined in the great cabin, and walked on deck in the evening. . . . All day at anchor in the Falmouth Roads. . . .

Monday, 29. — The wind fair and we got through the Needles. . . .

Wednesday, 14. — Saw Porto Santo, at daylight this morning, and Madeira soon after, with the two great rocks called the Desertas, lying to the south of that beautiful island. Landed about 1 o'clock at Funchall. . . .

This afternoon, we all embarked again from the beach, and were carried to our boats, in the same manner that we had been brought on shore, upon men's shoulders, for the surf is so high it is impossible for the boats to approach near. — Captain Gordon, (who commands the *Laurustinus*, and is our commodore,) weighed anchor, just as we did, and ran foul of the *Baring*, and the scene of confusion that ensued was most alarming; however, we soon got clear of each other, and without suffering any injury, but the wind would not take us off the shore before dark, and we all had rather an anxious night. . . .

18th. — Rather calm, but a light breeze sprung up, and we lost sight of Madeira before the evening. An awning was spread, and Mr. Colman performed divine service on the quarter-deck. . . . After the service, we invited all the gentlemen and ladies on board to our cabin, and had a luncheon of grapes, cake, and malmsey. . . .

19th. — Looking out for enemies' vessels all day — our greatest danger seems to be off the Cape de Verd Islands. — In a few days, we hope to get clear of all these apprehensions. . . . Today the carpenter began to make a life-buoy — it consists of a round thick piece of wood, about three feet in diameter, with a pole run through the centre four feet below, and five or six feet above the board; — ten or twelve pounds of lead are fastened to the bottom of the pole, to keep it upright in the water, and life-ropes, with shrouds, are fixed to the upper part of the pole and the board, for persons to lay hold of, and support themselves when they get upon the buoy. — It is to be hung over the stern, with a hatchet near, to cut it loose, in the event of any person falling overboard, and I long to see it finished, and in its place. . . .

21st. — Lat. 26.58, long. 21.5. We are now in the trade wind, and see flying fish, dolphins, albacores, bonitos &c. Sir George prepared his fishing tackle, but met with no success. — While we were

at dinner, several of the soldiers of the 14th were very riotous, and Sir George has ordered a court martial tomorrow. . . .

22*d.* — The ship tossed us about dreadfully during the night, and I had no sleep at all. — Sir George has spoken to the captain, to have a cot made for me . . .

23*d.* — They brought me a flying fish for my breakfast, this morning; it was dressed in paper like a Maintenon mutton chop — we all tasted it, and the gentlemen pronounced it to be like a mullet . . .

28*th.* — During the night, we had some very heavy squalls, with rain, and the maintop gallant sail was carried away, about 1 o'clock A.M. In the morning, the sailors were very busy, collecting the rain water, which fell in torrents. — They put some heavy shot on the awning, to bring it to a point, and then, by setting buckets under it, they collected a great deal, and all began washing their clothes. A great deal was given to the poor pigs, and the passengers were also allowed to take a share, which, as every one is on short allowance, was a great treat.

29*th.* — The weather still very unsettled. . . . The flies and heat are very troublesome. . . . Mr. Golding the surgeon, a man of respectable family, but a great roué, resigned, and Mr. Hamilton, of

the Company's service, (a passenger) was appointed by Captain Templar in his place . . .

Some of the sailors, it seems, behaved ill yesterday, by fighting on deck, and this morning the aggressors were punished. . . .

3rd. — The captain asked as a favor, for the Indian ladies and gentlemen on board, that I would allow my *ayah* to make a curry, as the cook does not understand that dish, and it seems it is one which all who have been in India are very fond of. — In the evening all the passengers assembled in the great cabin, to sing songs, as it was Saturday night; except Colonel Murray, there was not, I must say, much music among them. . . .

2^d. — Made a sort of mosquito net, which Johnstone and the *ayah* put up; but, although every window of the cabin was open all night, the heat was intolerable, and I am afraid it must be given up . . .

5th. — At 12 o'clock today we were in lat. 6.24, long. 18.52. This was what is called a baggage day on deck, the passengers being allowed to have their trunks taken out of the hold, to procure clean linen, and other necessities. . . .

6th. — Two immense bonitos were caught, and stewed for dinner; many ate of them, and said they were good, but they appeared exceedingly coarse. . . .

9th. — We may expect now to cross the Line in a few days, and the sailors are all busy, in preparing for the ceremonies of it. . . . Our crew, and the young recruits on board, are all very healthy; and this is said to be owing to putting lime juice in their grog, which prevents scurvy, and complaints incident to long voyages. . . .

14th. — We only go on two or three knots an hour, but the sea is calm, and we must be contented with our safety. — All the morning supplying the gentlemen and ladies with little articles of dress, for Lady Macbeth tonight, and for Amphitrite tomorrow, as we expect to be on the Line, or under the Line early in the morning. — In the evening, the performance began at 8, and lasted till near 10, as there were several songs from the soldiers and sailors, as interludes to the tragedy; and I enjoyed seeing the poor men enjoy their fête so much, for poor fellows! they have so much hard work and so little comfort on these long voyages! . . .

16th. — The ceremonies customary on passing the Line took place about 9 o'clock this morning, and lasted till 10, and that I am sure was long enough; as in many respects it is a cruel sort of business. . . .

17th. — Lat. 2.36, long. 15.15 at 12 o'clock. — Today the drum beat to quarters, and all the peo-

ple were stationed, and acted as they would do, in case an enemy should appear. Every one is to have a weapon of some kind or other, but I trust this rehearsal will never be really acted. . . .

28th. — Watching the wind &c. lat. 22.52, long. 18.1. The poor sailors are anxious to get up another play, but have failed in their object, owing to some disagreement among themselves. . . .

30th. — The wind is very favorable, and we are now going nearly a direct course to the Cape of Good Hope — painting, and getting the ship in order.

October 1. — The boats &c. all painting, and getting ready for harbor — there is something very cheering, in seeing these preparations going on. . . .

8th, 9th. — Very monotonous — the gunner, &c., employed in painting the ship's sides, &c. to make her look like a ship of war. . . .

10th. — The weather fine, and the life-buoy was tried, but failed from not having weight enough to keep it upright. . . .

12th. — In the evening, the sailors acted a play — it was a translation of Molière's "*Medecin malgré lui.*" The performance was very droll, and the poor soldiers and sailors, and the actors themselves, appeared highly amused. . . .

20th. — A great fuss and alarm — land seen

ahead, supposed to be one of the capes of Saldanha Bay. . . .

23d. — At daybreak we found ourselves very near Robbin Island, at the entrance of Table Bay, and about nine miles from Cape Town. About 12 we cast anchor, and prepared to go on shore. . . .

27th. — About half-past three o'clock we rowed off to the *Baring*. . . . We found all the passengers already on board, but we could not sail, as our baggage had not yet come off, nor many of the necessaries for our voyage.

28th. — At 8 o'clock this morning we left Table Bay; the wind was fair for taking us out, but not for passing the Cape, which is always very difficult, on account of the easterly current. . . .

29th. — At 12 o'clock lat. 34.32, long. 16.13. Still in sight of Table Bay, standing off and on continually, and the ship making very little progress, if any, on her voyage. — Settled ourselves once more in our cabin, and endeavored to make up our minds, with all possible cheerfulness, to the next two, or perhaps three months, passed in this way.

30th. — Some new arrangements at the dinner table, made on my account — the medical man at the Cape saying it was injurious to my eyes to sit opposite to the glare of the sun on the sails. — A Captain Midwinter, of the Company's service, in-

sisted upon keeping his seat, which would place him and his wife next to me and Sir George; and as this was Captain Templar's place, Captain T. would not submit to it. There was, in consequence, much confusion, and it ended in Captain Midwinter retiring to his cabin . . . Captain M. sent me an apology, but abused Captain T., when, in fact, he behaved with the most violence of the two. . . .

November 8. — Almost a calm, but the ship rolled so tremendously it was almost impossible for any one to walk on deck; and as for sitting at dinner, it was quite ridiculous. . . .

14th. — A dead whale near the ship. This has frequently occurred before, but, on account of the weather, nothing could be done, and generally, there are large shoals of fish near such carcasses. The weather being more calm a boat was put out, and the creature towed alongside of our ship. There were a great number of little fish about it, and many were brought on board, as well as two albatrosses, shot by Captain Templar. They were as large as swans, with a beak like a vulture, and web-footed. The little fish were dressed for dinner, and many said they were very good — to me they looked like the blubber they had been taken from, and quite disgusting.

15th. — Today the sailors made soup of one alba-

tross, and a pie of the other; both of which they begged Sir George and me to taste. It was not tempting certainly, but we did taste it; and I pretended to eat the rest, that was in the saucer, in my cabin. Sir George gave them several dollars, and so did I, and I daresay now we shall taste of many more of their dainty dishes . . .

16th. — The ship rolling terribly, and we shipped a great many seas. — Our cabins were almost as wet as the deck — the kitchen was overflowed, and it was with much difficulty a kettle could be boiled. — Six of the Cape sheep were drowned, and this is a great loss, and has put the captain much out of humor. The poor cow and her calf were sadly bruised, and nearly killed, by the motion of the ship. — The cook, and many of the soldiers and sailors, were also much hurt. — In short it was a day of misery to every one. . . .

December 4, 5. — No adventures — all monotonous — I hear of much gossip and party business, among the passengers, but I turn a deaf ear, and feign not to attend to it — all I am sorry for is the sort of jealousy between the soldiers and sailors, which would lead to much injustice, if not properly looked to. . . .

20th. — A wretched day; for a most painful and distressing occurrence took place. One of the usual violent and distressing outrages was com-

mitted by Captain Templar, in knocking down one of the soldiers. Captain Fraser picked the man up, and remonstrated with Captain Templar. . . . On this Captain Templar insulted poor Fraser, who took it most coolly; at the same time telling him that such gross conduct should not remain unnoticed at a proper season. — Fraser's conduct met the approbation of every one on board, and all the gentlemen came forward, declaring they would no longer dine at the captain's table. He was so ashamed of his language and conduct himself that he offered to dine in his own cabin the rest of the voyage. . . .

This is now the 10th of January, 1812, and this morning we anchored opposite to Saugur Island. Immediately I heard boats lowered down, and I shuddered, guessing what was going forward. — I covered up my head, and would not leave my cot, till Fraser was conducted to my bedside, safe and well, and then my prayers for his safety were changed to thanksgivings, that all had ended so happily. It seems they both fired together, and then Captain Templar immediately begged Mr. Fraser's pardon, and made the humblest apology for the outrage he had been guilty of. . . .

January 2. — Saw a ship, and hoisted our colors. After several hours' row, our boat got on board of her. — It was the *Admiral Drury*, bound to Bata-

via, from Calcutta. . . . Soon after, we fell in with another ship, bound for Madras. — It was the *Lady Barlow*. . . . Upon making our distress known, they spared us, from the *Lady Barlow*, five butts of fresh water, which was a great treat. . . .

7th. — About 4 o'clock, a pilot came on board, and at 11 we cast anchor; then again, in about four hours we went on again, and so proceeded at every change of the tide. . . .

11th. — Left the *Baring* East Indiaman. . . . This day twenty-four weeks I parted from my dear children, and went on board the *Baring*. . . .

XXI

A VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA

XXI

A VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA

TIME	— 1798.
PASSENGER	— <i>Henry Bolingbroke.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Liverpool to the Demerary (British Guiana).</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Comet.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>A Voyage to the Demerary, containing a Statistical Account of the Settlements there and of those on the Essequibo, the Berbice and other Contiguous Rivers of Guyanna, by Henry Bolingbroke; London, 1809.</i>

According to the Dictionary of National Biography, Henry Bolingbroke was born at Norwich, England, February 25, 1785. If this date is correct he was not quite fourteen years old when he sailed for the Demerary on December 25, 1798. He went out as an articled clerk and was employed there until he returned to England in 1805. In 1807 he sailed for Surinam, in Dutch Guiana, where he was made deputy vendue-master. He returned to England in 1813 and later entered business in Norwich, where he died on February 11, 1855.

The partner of a house in Stabroek, who was at London in 1798, wished to engage an articled

clerk on terms which my friends thought liberal. Fancy and ambition painted, at the termination of a West Indian voyage, new forms of pleasure and of gain; and I embarked with delight on board the *Comet*, Captain Barrow, at Liverpool, on December 25, 1798.

We touched at Cork, and lay in the Cove to await convoy: there we took on board live stock and sea stores . . . We left Cork on January 4, 1799, having several horses on board, which were very troublesome. . . . There is almost always a north wind off the coast of Portugal: I do not know why, but the sailors rely on it with confidence, and are seldom disappointed. We fell in with it, and were carried by it into the latitude of Madeira. . . .

On January 27 we saw the snow on the Peak of Teneriffe, the only part of Africa I am ever likely to behold. Three of our horses died in this neighborhood . . . On the 8th our main-top-gallant mast caught fire from the friction of a rope newly tarred. This accident retarded us; we fell astern of the whole convoy, but recovered our distance a day or two after, though we were all equally assisted by the trade-wind . . .

After a passage of seven weeks, it may naturally be supposed we were very happy when one of the seamen, from the fore-top-gallant mast head, gave

us the joyful warnings of " Land, a-head! " which was on February 24 . . .

Captain Barrow went on shore to report the vessel to the commandant, when he got a passport for going up the river. We were then visited by a surgeon of health and the harbor-master, who left their respective instructions: we were not troubled by any custom-house officer. A clerk of the merchant to whom I was to be attached, came on board in the afternoon with Captain Barrow, in a handsome tent-boat, rowed by six Negroes, and the ship's yawl followed with a load of grass for the horses, which was no doubt very acceptable to them.

Let him who is about to set sail for the West Indies, be thoroughly aware that his voyage may endure three months, that he is likely to incur every variety of climate, that the fresh water on board is too precious to be squandered on the washing of linen, and that stores, which a captain thinks luxurious, pass with the passenger for hard fare. Let him therefore be provided with half a dozen checked shirts, and as many black silk cravats, both which may be worn long without looking dirty. If the north-east wind blows in the Channel, he will be glad of cloth pantaloons and a warm jacket, thick boots and a stout great coat; and with all this wrapping, when he sits still in the long-boat, his

teeth will chatter and his thighs shiver. On the contrary, when he approaches the tropics, he will want nankeen trousers, fine cotton shirts, silk stockings, clothes light, airy, large, a chip hat, and loose yellow slippers. In the shade of the sail he will complain of the heat of the wind, and were it not for the sharks below, would ask to be towed through the water at a rope's end.

The passenger who aspires to be comfortable at the latter part of the voyage, does well to take out two or three dozen fine shirts of cotton twist, as it absorbs the perspiration better than linen, as many muslin cravats, plenty of pocket handkerchiefs, six or eight pair of gingham trousers, three or four dimity, or jean, or thinner waistcoats with sleeves, and two dozen pair of those cotton stockings, called gauze stockings, which are made for the foreign market to be worn under the silk. It is good economy to take out these things in profusion; they will be useful on shore, where they cost far more than in England. Few English dress clothes are wanted; one coat is sufficient; an umbrella and a travelling cloak may be welcome.

To fit up a bed, a small mattress, blanket, and cotton sheets must be procured at the slop-seller's. Napkins, a square or two of soap, a few needles, and some thread and tape will also be found very useful articles. Every traveller should learn to sew,

as there is no opportunity on the road or on ship-board, of sending to a tailor or a female, to fasten on a button or stop a seam, and the old adage of "A stitch in time saves nine," is frequently found very applicable; the worst of clothes are always good enough to wear on ship-board. A passenger should provide himself with a few dozen bottles of wine and porter, and half a dozen of spirits; but the less he drinks of these the better for his health; also four or five dozen fowls, a few ducks, two or three hams, and as many smoked tongues, a few bottles of pickled cabbage or gherkins, a couple of pounds of tea, and a loaf of sugar. He will have ship's allowance of salt beef, pork, biscuit, and flour. Two or three young pigs and a lamb make a welcome change of diet, and can be easily enough conveyed out; the captain, if he had no other inducement than the expectancy of a share, would put them into one of his boats on deck, and take good care of them. Provisions must be laid in for the live stock, such as barley, bran, etc. A West Indiaman has generally only one large cabin, in which the passengers, captain, and mate dine (unless the former engage the cabin themselves, in which case it is held sacred), and three or four staterooms, sufficiently large for placing a crib on one side and a trunk on the other. Steerage passengers have their berth in the steerage, and mess with the crew.

In the hot latitudes, the British shipping suffers considerable injury from the heat of the sun. The boards of the deck must be continually wetted to prevent their splitting quite asunder. The tar of the caulking liquefies, and the seams open formidably. Unless the vessels are copper-bottomed, the adherence of barnacles and other very little shell fish, and of long sea-grass, is so considerable as to retard the sailing; and the water worm perforates the timber in so many places, as often to occasion a fatal leakiness. Our colony-craft is always bottomed with *sieurbally*, a very hard wood, but not absolutely worm-proof. Still these hard woods make far fitter vessels for the tropical seas than the European timber. And if the teak-tree was cultivated in our districts, as in the East Indies, we should no doubt be still better off.

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XXII

A LINER OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

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A LINER OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

TIME	— 1769.
PASSENGER	— <i>William Hickey.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Deal, England, to Madras, India.</i>
SHIP	— <i>The Plassey.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>Memoirs of William Hickey, by William Hickey, London, 1919, pp. 121-164.</i>

William Hickey was born in London, June 30, 1749. As a young man he led the free and idle life of his day and class, and some of his escapades caused his father a great deal of trouble and expense. To be rid of the nuisance his father, a prosperous London solicitor, got a cadetship for him in the service of the East India Company and shipped him to India in 1769. His stay there was short and after a trip to China he returned to England in 1770. The next few years he spent in London as an attorney's clerk, but he again fell into his old way of life, which he largely supported by robbing his father. When this was discovered his father disowned him, but later relented and sent him to Jamaica to practise law. He sailed in 1775, but had no success there and returned to England the following year. In 1777 he sailed for India and settled in,

Calcutta, where he became an attorney and proctor. India at the time was being looted by the bureaucrats sent out from England, and out of the ensuing lawsuits he built up a lucrative practice. In later life he returned to England and spent his last years in a country village, where, to amuse himself, he wrote his memoirs. He died in 1830.

I heard with much pleasure that a young London friend, Richard Bouchier, a nephew of the Governor of Madras, was going out to India as a cadet on board the *Plassey*, a circumstance we were mutually glad of. . . . Bouchier and I agreed to depart for Gravesend on the 18th. . . . That day, being our last in London, he and I agreed to dine together. He collected three other jovial bucks and we had a pleasant party at the Shakespeare. . . .

About half past twelve we took our seats in the chaise, both sadly dejected at thus leaving all that was dear behind us, and in all likelihood taking a last adieu of our native city. . . . Between four and five we arrived at Gravesend, and drove to the Falcon, which, being crowded with guests, they crammed us into a miserable little hole of a room so enveloped in smoke we could scarce see the candles they placed upon the table. . . . The next day, being the 19th, we hired a boat and went on

board the *Plassey* to ascertain where our cots were to be hung. We found Captain Waddell in the cuddy, who said the ship would not move for a couple of days. He pressed us to stay to dinner, which we declined, having ordered one on shore. Mr. Douglas, the mate, was very attentive and showed us our berth, which was spacious and airy, being two-thirds of the great cabin. He however told us that another young gentleman, named Chapman, who was going out as a cadet, would have his cot also in the same place, to which no possible objection could be made, there being abundant room. The ship was in so lumbered a state we could scarcely crawl into the great cabin, and the quarter-deck was covered with packages, but all these Douglas assured me would be cleared away prior to leaving Gravesend. . . .

The next day Captain Waddell sent to desire we would come off, as the pilot intended to break ground at high water. We accordingly took, as I thought it would be, our last leave of British ground and proceeded to the ship, where we found an excellent dinner just set upon the table, clean, neat, and looking remarkably well cooked, and we were agreeably surprised by being told we should have as good a dinner as we then saw before us every day during our voyage, which certainly was the case. . . .

In the afternoon we unmoored, but a fresh easterly wind blowing, we only kedged down to the bottom of Gravesend Reach. The 22nd, the wind continuing in the East, we made little progress, the 23rd we got below the Nore, when the ship beginning to pitch, I became desperately sick, could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and continued in that horrid state, expecting every hour would be my last, until the 25th (Christmas Day), when Mr. Douglas came into the cabin to tell me we were at an anchor in Margate Roads, it blowing strong from the eastward, which, as long as it continued, would keep us there; that there was a boat coming off by which, if I chose it, I might go on shore, and proceed back to Deal by land. The instant I heard this I jumped out of my cot, ill as I was, dressed myself and went upon deck. . . .

Bourchier and another passenger, Grant, who were nearly as bad as myself, also agreed to go on shore, so getting a few shirts, &c., in a trunk, we by the kind assistance of the officers and sailors, managed to seat ourselves in the boat. . . .

Leaving the *Plassey*, we darted on at a prodigious rate, and in about an hour stepped ashore within the pier. . . . Having breakfasted, we ordered a post chaise in which we drove to the Three Kings at Deal. The *Plassey* came to in the Downs in the afternoon, immediately after which

it began to blow strong from the westward. We amused ourselves running about the country to different places. . . .

We had passed a very merry day, and were just talking of going to bed when we heard a gun fired, and soon after several others from different ships in the Downs. A Deal man coming in told us the wind had suddenly gone to the northeast, and the fleet were getting under weigh. Instead therefore of retiring to our comfortable beds, we were obliged to prepare for embarking. In a few minutes the house was all hurry and confusion — paying bills, packing trunks, &c., &c. I had luckily a week before engaged with a boatman for one guinea to put me on board the *Plassey* whenever a signal for sailing was made, be the weather what it might, for which some of my shipmates laughed at me as being more than was necessary, a crown being the usual price.

I now found that I had acted wisely, for as it was a bleak night, blowing smartly, with snow, the boat people would not receive a soul under three guineas each, and some even paid five. The man I had engaged with behaved honorably, coming to show me to his boat, taking Bouchier with me. At half past one in the morning of the January 4, 1769, we got into the boat, and reached the *Plassey* in perfect safety. Giving the people three guineas

for myself and Bouchier, they were well satisfied. I immediately got into my cot; the sea being smooth and the wind right aft, I slept tolerably well till eight o'clock in the morning, when I awoke rather qualmish, but dressing and going upon deck, the sharp air recovered me.

I heard upon inquiry that we were below Dungeness, and that the East Indiamen in company were the *Pigot*, Captain Richardson; *Triton*, Honorable Captain Elphinstone; *Hector*, Captain Williams; *Nottingham*, Captain Stokes; *Ashburnham*, Captain Pearce; *Earl of Lincoln*, Captain Hardwicke; *Hampshire*, Captain Smith; *Crutten-den*, Captain Baker; *Osterley*, Captain Welch; *Speaker*, Captain Todd; *Royal Charlotte*, Captain Clements; *Glatton*, Captain Doveton, and the *Speke*, Captain Jackson, besides a great number of vessels bound to the West Indies, America, and different parts of the world, the whole fleet forming to me who had never before beheld anything of the kind a grand and interesting spectacle.

Being summoned to the cuddy to breakfast, I had not been there five minutes when I turned deadly sick, was obliged to retire to my cot, from whence I scarcely stirred for ten days, during which I was in a very lamentable condition, straining so violently from having nothing in my stomach to throw up that I often thought I must, like my poor

mother, die upon the ocean. Mr. Gowdie, the surgeon, afterwards told me he for several days had been under serious alarm about me, considering me in imminent danger of bursting a blood vessel.

We had tempestuous weather through the Bay of Biscay, with a prodigious sea, but the wind being fair, our progress was rapid, of which the officers frequently told me by way of comfort, but so ill was I that it was actually indifferent to me what became of the ship, and I should, I verily believe, have heard with composure that she was sinking. This continued until we reached the Canaries, when Mr. Rogers, the chief mate, came into my cabin one morning soon after day broke, desiring I would get up and go upon deck to see the land, to which I replied, as I really thought was the case, that I had not strength left to enable me to do so. Whereupon Rogers (a rough, vulgar, swearing seaman, but as good a creature as ever lived) said, "Pooh! pooh! Damn my eyes! [A common phrase of his upon all occasions] What blasted stuff and nonsense is this! Do you want to lay there and die? Come, come, get up, I say, and draw a mouthful of fresh air, which will cure you."

Finding I did not seem disposed to take his advice, he without further ceremony cast off the lanyards of my cot, and down it came. I therefore had

nothing left but to try and put on my clothes, Rogers sending his servant to assist me, and returning himself to help me upon deck, where, on my arrival, a sublime scene presented itself to my sight. We were close in shore, under the Island of Teneriffe. . . . I continued upon deck, looking at the land as we gradually glided on until dinner was announced, when I entered the cuddy, ate near half of a boiled fowl, drank a pint of wine, and felt quite renovated. From that hour my sickness ceased, and I began to enjoy myself; I entered into all the fun and joined in all the tricks that went forward in the ship. . . .

The *Plassey* was a remarkably fast sailer, from which she had acquired the name of the *Flying Plassey*. In running down the British Channel we beat all the fleet, and, as I was informed, by the time we were abreast the Land's End, the whole of them were out of sight astern. . . .

Passing the Canary Islands, the next land we saw was the Cape De Verds, through the cluster of which, forming a very pleasant sight, we ran in smooth water and fine weather. When drawing near the Line, we had for several days and nights successively tremendous thunder and lightning, such as we landsmen had never before beheld, and, when little wind, a number of sharks followed close to the ship. These fish being near a ship, seamen,

who are generally superstitious, deem a bad sign, and to portend death on board. Whether this idea be well founded or not, I cannot take upon me to say, but certain it is that during the attendance of at least a dozen sharks, we lost a man, and one of no small consequence, being no less a personage than the captain's cook, who being seized with a fever, was carried off by it within thirty hours. His death, however, did not prove so serious a loss as we were at first apprehensive it would, Mr. Chisholme having a Caffree servant who had been taught to dress turtle in the West Indies, and afterwards attended the kitchens of some of the most celebrated taverns in London, which had cost his master upwards of fifty guineas. He undoubtedly was an admirable cook.

Upon crossing the Line, all those who had never done so before paid the customary forfeit of a gallon of rum to the ship's crew, except Mr. Smith the Scotch cadet, who not being overstocked with money to purchase the spirits, preferred submitting to the ceremony of ducking and shaving, which he went through to our infinite amusement.

There was nothing I felt the want of so much as bread, for in those days it was not customary to make that article on board East Indiamen, and it unluckily happened that the biscuit was uncommonly bad and flinty, so that it was with difficulty I

could penetrate it with my teeth. This being the subject of conversation one day at table, a question arose as to the time in which a person might eat one of these biscuits, which ended in a wager of five guineas between Rider and Grant, the former laying the latter that he did not get rid of one by his teeth in four minutes. He was to have no liquid to aid him. A bag of biscuits being brought to table, the doctor by mutual consent put his hand in and brought out one, which was to be that of trial. Chance here operated against Grant, for it proved an uncommonly hard one, and he had difficulty in breaking it in two. A watch being laid upon the table, at it he went with a set of remarkably strong teeth, but strong as they were, we all thought he must lose his bet, and he was twice in extreme danger of choking, by which he lost several seconds. Notwithstanding this however, he, to our great surprise, accomplished his object, and won the wager, being six seconds within the given time.

In March we approached the Cape of Good Hope, where Captain Waddell had given us hopes of stopping, and we landsmen were delighted with the expectation of soon setting our feet once more upon *terra firma*, when the captain one morning whilst we were at breakfast observed that there was a glorious breeze, fair as it could blow, which would

speedily take us round the tremendous promontory of Africa, a circumstance of far more importance than eating grapes at the Cape Town, and lengthening our voyage perhaps a month. The "glorious breeze" however in no way consoled us for our disappointment, and we were rather sulky during a couple of days, at the end of which time we were reconciled to passing our favorite port, and good humor was restored. Our fellow passenger, Court, was a constant source of amusement by his monkey tricks and whimsical behavior.

Having completely rounded the Cape, and coast of Africa, we bore up for the Mozambique Channel, or inner passage. Passing the Southern point of Madagascar, the weather became moderately clear, with a smooth sea. I was one morning walking the deck, when Rogers, whose watch it was, sitting upon the quarter called to me in his usual style, "Come here, Bill." I accordingly stepped upon one of the quarter-deck guns, and observing him to point downwards, I looked into the sea, where to my great terror and surprise I beheld the rocks, as they appeared to me, close to the ship's bottom but Rogers assured me they were at least forty fathoms below us.

In a few minutes after, however, he exclaimed, "Damn my eyes if I like this," and instantly ran into the roundhouse. Captain Waddell, returning

with him upon deck, ordered the course to be altered three points, and the lead to be cast, which being done, they found only four fathoms, so that if there had been any sea the ship would have struck. These rocks it seems were not properly laid down in the charts, at the time we were over them, not being in sight of land and the charts making them within five leagues of Madagascar, whereas we were upwards of twenty off shore. By standing off an hour we lost sight of the rocks, and were once more in deep water.

Ten days after this occurrence a strange sail was discovered upon our beam, standing as we did, which upon nearing us hoisted English colors. In the afternoon she joined company, proving to be the *Hampshire*, Captain Smith, one of the fleet that left the Downs with us. The commanders agreed to continue together, and put into Johanna for supplies of water and fresh provisions. In four days we made the land.

The island of Johanna in approaching it affords one of the most luxuriant and picturesque scenes it is possible to conceive, and doubtless it abounds with natural beauties. . . . It is not considered healthy, especially at night, and Captain Waddell advised us by no means to sleep on shore, but to go early and amuse ourselves during the day, re-

turning on board before dark, which advice we followed. . . .

We had light winds for a fortnight after leaving Johanna, being so long in company with the *Hampshire*, but her course then differing from ours, she being bound to Bombay, we separated, each ship's crew giving three cheers on parting.

On the first of May we made the coast of Coromandel, a few miles to the southward of Pondicherry, running along the land until evening, when, falling calm, we came to an anchor, to wait the land breeze, which would carry us into Madras roads by daylight of the following morning. At the usual hour I went to my cot, but the thoughts of being so near the place of our destination entirely banished sleep, and finding all my efforts were in vain, I put on my clothes and went upon deck.

Just as I got my head above the companion ladder, I felt an indescribably unpleasant sensation, suddenly, as it were, losing the power of breathing, which alarmed me much, for I supposed it to be the forerunner of one of those horrid Indian fevers of which I had heard so much during our voyage. Whilst worried by this idea, my friend Rogers, whose watch it was, said to me, "Well, Bill, what do you think of this? How do you like the delightful breeze you are doomed to spend

your life in? ” Inquiring what he meant, I found that what had so surprised and alarmed me was nothing more than the common land wind blowing as usual at that hour directly off shore, and so intensely hot that I could compare it only to standing within the oppressive influence of the steam of a furnace.

At daybreak we weighed anchor, standing for Madras, which we had scarcely reached when we heard that Mr. Peter King, the ship's carpenter, a strong made, vigorous man, was taken suddenly and violently ill with cramp in his limbs and stomach. He was put into a warm bath as soon as water could be heated, and every remedy applied, without avail; in one hour from his being first seized he was no more. This quick death, added to the horrid land wind, gave me a very unfavorable opinion of the East Indies.

XXIII

LIFE IN A SPANISH GALLEON

XXIII

LIFE IN A SPANISH GALLEON

TIME	— 1697.
PASSENGER	— <i>Giovanni Francesco Gemelli Careri.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Manila, P. I., to Acapulco, Mexico.</i>
SHIP	— <i>An unnamed Spanish galleon.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>A Voyage Round the World, by Giovanni Francesco Gemelli Careri (Churchill's translation), London, 1744, pp. 407-476.</i>

Giovanni Francesco Gemelli Careri, doctor of laws, was born at Radicena in Calabria in 1651. From 1685 to 1687 he traveled in Italy, France, Germany and Hungary. While in Hungary he took part in the campaign against the Turks. After his return to Naples in 1687 he wrote, in collaboration with Matteo Egizio, "A Report on the Campaign in Hungary," Naples, 1689, and "Travels in Europe," 1693. He later held the office of auditor, first at Lucca and then at Aquila. In June, 1693, he started on a voyage round the world which took five years, five months and twenty days to complete. He visited Turkey, Persia, India, China, the Philippine Islands and America, returning to Naples in December 1699. He died in Naples in 1725.

A galleon being shortly to sail for New Spain, whither I was desirous to go, I desired the governor to grant me my passage aboard it; which he very honorably did, notwithstanding the great difficulties that commonly occur in such cases; because there are a great many Spanish merchants that desire to come from thence every year to the Philippine Islands on account of trade, and there is but one ship, which cannot carry so many, and therefore they get mighty recommendations to secure their passage a year before. However, the governor, because I was a stranger, and he had all this while taken much pleasure in discoursing with me, preferred me before another; ordering me to go to Cavite where the galleon lay, and he would order I should have conveniences allowed me aboard it.

Accordingly I went on Thursday 17th, and having a little cabin assigned me, which was to be my prison for a voyage of 7 months, I found much difficulty about my diet; for the captain, pilot, master and mate, being desired by the castellan of Cavite to admit me to their table, excused themselves, saying they had already undertaken to furnish so many passengers as could be maintained by the provisions they were allowed to put aboard. I was therefore obliged to agree with the boatswain, who with difficulty consented to do it for an hundred pieces of eight, to oblige the governor of the castle;

whereas it is usual to pay 5 or 600 pieces of eight for a cabin and diet, because the cabin costs more than the provisions. . . .

I spent a week in providing myself with necessities for my long voyage to New Spain, and taking leave of friends; and on Sunday the 16th, putting my equipage into a *banca* boat, I went with my black to the port of Cavite, where we arrived about noon. . . .

Friday, 22. — The vessel, having all its lading aboard, I embarked. This ship was built at Bagatao by Dr. John Garicocea, and had made one voyage on the coast. The King had bought it of him, for 30,000 pieces of eight, to carry over the royal revenue to America. It was 45 cubits in length, proportionably broad and strong.

Saturday, 23. — There were prayers for our good voyage. When we were ready to sail, the commander called the pilots, and all other officers to give their opinions, whether the vessel was fit for the voyage of New Spain, and in a good sailing posture. Most of them were of the opinion it was overloaded, and therefore could make little way. He therefore ordered all the seamen's chests to be put ashore, that all those who had two might have one left behind. The governor being informed of it, sent Colonel Thomas de Andaya to lighten the ship. Andaya came on Sunday the 24th, and caused

all the casks of water to be taken out; for the burden of the vessel being 1500 bales, they had put aboard 2200, besides provisions and other necessities. On Monday 25th, the colonel caused abundance of bales and parcels of wax to be unshipped, leaving only the 1500 bales that the ship was entered for. . . .

The voyage from the Philippine Islands to America may be called the longest, and most dreadful of any in the world; as well because of the vast ocean to be crossed, being almost the one half of the terraqueous globe, with the wind always ahead; as for the terrible tempests that happen there, one upon the back of another, and for the desperate diseases that seize people, in seven or eight months, lying at sea sometimes near the Line, sometimes cold, sometimes temperate, and sometimes hot, which is enough to destroy a man of steel, much more flesh and blood, which at sea had but indifferent food.

The ship being again laden, and about a thousand jars of water put in by the commander and other officers, we set sail on Friday 29th, before noon in the presence of the colonel. Having sailed two leagues, we came to an anchor within the same bay. On pretence that he wanted water, the commander left behind a Dominican, who had given him five hundred pieces of eight for his voyage; a

recolet, and a physician he had agreed to keep at his own table; which accident put me into a good little cabin for my bed and equipage. . . .

Tuesday, 10. — Nothing troubled me but the heat; for there was none of the other plague of lice, so frequent in other ships; because in those parts they do not breed on Europeans. . . .

Having taken aboard 200 jars of water brought us by the king's galliot, which expected us there for that purpose, we set sail on Monday 16th, with a fresh gale at the south. . . .

Wednesday 25th, being St. James's day, the wind being contrary, we lay at anchor; because the ship stood in need of a strong south wind to carry it out of the strait against the current.

Thursday, 26. — A muster was made to see if any man was aboard without license, for which they pay twenty pieces of eight to the King. Sixteen persons who had none were put ashore, only two hundred remaining aboard. . . .

Thursday, 9. — After midnight the wind blew fresh at southeast, so that about noon the pilot thought fit to sail. . . .

Being come into the open sea, to our great satisfaction, our cables were coiled between decks, being to cast anchor no more till we came into New Spain, and the boat was set adrift, that it might be of no hindrance, because we had another, in case

of need, as the Spaniards call it, in quarters, that is, in pieces ready to clap together. . . .

About sunset there fell a great rain, and all the thirsty sailors went out naked to gather the water, so all the empty vessels were soon filled. A great storm continued all night, without taking any more water for want of stowage; so that there being plenty, all the men dressed their rice.

Saturday, 1. — We stood east and by north, the wind at southwest, the latitude 18 deg. 50 min. Sunday 2d, before day, the wind came about, and blew hard at east, so that there was no saying mass, nor taking an observation; and the pilots were obliged to lower their top-masts for fear they should give way, and hinder our voyage, as had happened other times for want of masts. We all watched day and night, the danger was so great; for the waves broke upon the galleon, and beat terribly upon its sides. We lay under a mainsail reefed; and the image of St. Francis Xaverius being exposed, the captain vowed to make an offering to the value of the sail, which was worth two hundred pieces of eight, devoutly attributing to his intercession the saving of the sail, and calming of the sea. Three hours before day the wind came about fair. . . .

The pilot began his devotions for obtaining a

good voyage, and at night there was dancing, and such sports as the ship could afford. . . .

There is no doubt but this voyage has always been dangerous and dreadful. In 1575, the ship *Espiritu Santo*, or the *Holy Ghost*, was cast away at Catanduanes, through the ignorance of the pilot, who could not find out the Embocadero, or mouth of the strait. In 1596, the contrary winds drove the galleon *St. Philip* as far as Japan; where it was taken by way of reprisal, with all the lading designed for New Spain. . . .

The poor people stowed in the cabins of the galleon bound towards the Land of Promise of New Spain, endure no less hardships than the children of Israel did, when they went from Egypt towards Palestine. There is hunger, thirst, sickness, cold, continual watching, and other sufferings; besides the terrible shocks from side to side, caused by the furious beating of the waves. I may further say they endure all the plagues God sent upon Pharaoh to soften his hard heart; for if he was infected with leprosy, the galleon is never clear of an universal raging itch, as an addition to all other miseries. If the air then was filled with gnats; the ship swarms with little vermin, the Spaniards call *gorgojos*, bred in the bisquit; so swift that they in a short time not only run over cabins, beds, and

the very dishes the men eat on, but insensibly fasten upon the body. Instead of the locusts, there are several other sorts of vermin of sundry colors, that suck the blood. Abundance of flies fall into the dishes of broth, in which there also swim worms of several sorts. In short, if Moses miraculously converted his rod into a serpent; aboard the galleon a piece of flesh, without any miracle, is converted into wood, and in the shape of a serpent.

I had a good share in the misfortunes; for the boatswain, with whom I had agreed for my diet, as he had fowls at his table the first days, so when we were out at sea he made me fast after the Armenian manner, having banished from his table all wine, oil and vinegar; dressing his fish with fair water and salt. Upon flesh days he gave me *tassajos fritos*, that is, steaks of beef, or buffalo, dried in the sun, or wind, which are so hard that it is impossible to eat them, without they are first well beaten, like stockfish; nor is there any digesting them without the help of a purge. At dinner another piece of that same sticky flesh was boiled, without any other sauce but its own hardness, and fair water. At last he deprived me of the satisfaction of gnawing a good biscuit, because he would spend no more of his own, but laid the King's allowance on the table; in every mouthful whereof

there went down abundance of maggots, and *gorgojos* chewed and bruised.

On fish days the common diet was old rank fish boiled in fair water and salt; at noon we had *mongos*, something like kidney beans, in which there were so many maggots that they swam at top of the broth, and the quantity was so great, that besides the loathing they caused, I doubted whether the dinner was fish or flesh. This bitter fare was sweetened after dinner with a little water and sugar; yet the allowance was but a small cacao shell full, which rather increased than quenched drought. Providence relieved us for a month with the sharks and *cachorretas* the seamen caught, which, either boiled or broiled, were some comfort. Yet he is to be pitied who has another at his table; for the tediousness of the voyage is the cause of all these hardships. 'Tis certain, they that take this upon them, lay out thousands of pieces of eight, in making the necessary provision of flesh, fowl, fish, biscuit, rice, sweetmeats, chocolate, and other things; and the quantity is so great, that during the whole voyage, they never fail of sweetmeats at table, chocolate twice a day, of which last the sailors and grummetts make as great a consumption, as the richest. Yet at last the tediousness of the voyage makes an end of all; and the more,

because in a short time all the provisions grew naught, except the sweetmeats and chocolate, which are the only comfort of passengers.

Abundance of poor sailors fell sick, being exposed to the continual rains, cold, and other hardships of the season; yet they were not allowed to taste of the good biscuit, rice, fowls, Spanish bread, and sweetmeats, put into the custody of the master by the King's order, to be distributed among the sick; for the honest master spent all at his own table. Notwithstanding the dreadful sufferings in this prodigious voyage, yet the desire of gain prevails with many to venture through it, four, six, and some ten times. . . .

Tuesday, 13. — The wind S. sailed E. and by N. The cold began to nip, and the few provisions there were left corrupted. They were therefore used very sparingly, and in the best messes; they gave a dish of chocolate in the morning betimes, some other small matter two hours before noon, and the dinner late. In the evening they gave another dish of chocolate, and later some sweetmeats without any supper. . . .

Friday, 7. — In the morning died another sick man, who was thrown overboard. About noon we sailed S.E. and S.E. and by E. the wind being S.S.W. A canopy being set up for the sailors' Court of Senas, or signs, after dinner the two *oydores* or

judges, and the president, took their seats, being clad after a ridiculous manner. They began with the captain of the galleon, chief pilot, under-pilot, master, mate, and other officers of the ship; and after them proceeded to the trial of the passengers. The clerk read every man's indictment, and then the judges passed sentence of death, which was immediately bought off with money, chocolate, sugar, biscuit, flesh, sweetmeats, wine, and the like. The best of it was that he who did not pay immediately, or give good security, was laid on with a rope's end, at the least sign given by the president-tarpaulin.

I was told a passenger was once killed aboard a galleon, by keel-hauling him; for no words or authority can check or persuade a whole ship's crew. I did not escape being tried, it being laid to my charge that I eat too much of the fish they call *cachorretas*. The sport lasted till night, and then all the fines were divided among the sailors and grummetts, according to custom. The lat. this day was found to be 37 deg. 50 min. . . .

Friday, 14. — We discovered to the eastward, in the lat. of 36 deg. the island of St. Catherine. . . . Any man may guess what a joyful sight this was to us, after having seen nothing for so many months but sky and water. . . . This day the few cannon the ship had were taken out of the hold, to be

placed on their carriages; as also the pieces to make the new boat, instead of that we turned adrift. . . .

Having fired ten cannon, and settled 'em in their places, all persons had muskets given 'em, to defend themselves against enemies, that are often met on the coast of California. . . .

Thursday, 17. — The usual *virazon*, or settled wind coming up, which is S.W. we advanced, and ran along the coast *del Calvario*, . . . so that on Friday 18th, we were in sight of the port of Acapulco. Our chief pilot was sick of the Dutch distemper, or scurvy, and of the *berben*, which made his life in danger. . . .

On Saturday 19th, in the morning, we found ourselves opposite to the village and port of Coyucca. . . . The wind holding fair, we entered the port of Acapulco, at the great channel, and came to an anchor there at five in the afternoon. All the night was spent laboring with the anchors to draw the ship up the bay, so that before day the stern was made fast with a rope to a tree. . . .

Sunday, 20. — All that were aboard again embraced one another with tears of joy, seeing our desired port, after a voyage of two hundred and four days and five hours.

XXIV

THE VOYAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

XXIV

THE VOYAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

TIME	— 1483.
PASSENGER	— <i>Felix Fabri.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Venice, Italy, to Joppa, Palestine.</i>
SHIP	— <i>A Venetian Galley.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>Palestine Pilgrim's Text Society, Felix Fabri, Vol. I, Part I; London, 1892, pp. 83-213.</i>

Felix Fabri (Fabre) was born at Zurich about 1442. He was educated by the Dominicans at Basel and Ulm and later joined the order. He became a master of sacred theology and during 1477 and 1478 was the head preacher at Ulm. In 1483 he started on his second pilgrimage to the Holy Land and after his return in 1484 wrote, in Latin, a complete and accurate account of his travels which is still of value to students of Palestinian topography. He spent most of his life at Ulm and died there March 14, 1502.

On the 28th we went out of our inn in the morning through the streets of the merchants and went to St. Mark's to hear service there. When service was over, we walked about the open square in front of the Doge's palace. In this square, before the

great door of St. Mark's Church, there stood two costly banners, raised aloft on tall spears, white, and ensigned with a red cross, and they were the banners of pilgrims to the Holy Land. By these banners we understood that two galleys had been appointed for the transport of pilgrims; for when the lords of Venice behold a number of pilgrims flocking together there, they chose two nobles from among their senators, and entrust the care of the pilgrims to them. . . .

Before beginning to recount our wanderings at sea, I have thought it necessary to preface them by a few necessary explanations to clear up the many difficulties which must arise in describing a pilgrimage by sea. . . .

A journey by sea is subject to many hardships. The sea itself is very injurious to those who are unaccustomed to it, and very dangerous on many accounts; for it strikes terror into the soul; it causes headache, it provokes vomiting and nausea; it destroys appetite for food and drink; it acts as an alterative on the human body; it excites the passions and produces many strange vices; it causes extreme and deadly perils, and often brings men to a most cruel death. . . .

A galley is an oblong vessel, which is propelled both by sails and oars. . . . The castle has three stories; the first, wherein is the steersman and the

compass, and he who tells the steersman how the compass points, and those who watch the stars and winds, and point out the way across the sea; the middle one, wherein is the chamber of the Lord and captain of the ship, and of his noble comrades and messmates; the lowest one, which is the place wherein noble ladies are housed at night, and where the captain's treasure is stored. This chamber receives no light save through the hatchway in the floor above it. . . .

Two benches beyond the house on the poop, on the right-hand side, is the kitchen, which is not covered in: beneath the kitchen is the cellar, and beside the kitchen is the stable for animals for slaughter, wherein sheep, goats, calves, oxen, cows and pigs stand all together. Further on, on the same side, are cross-benches with oars all the way to the prow. . . . On the deck beside the mast there is an open space wherein men assemble to talk, as in a market-place; and it is called the market-place of the galley. . . . Close to the mast is the main hatchway, through which one descends by seven steps into the cabin, which is the place where the pilgrims live, or where the cargo is put in galleys of burden. . . . It receives no light save what comes through the four hatchways by which it is entered. In this cabin every pilgrim has his own berth or sleeping-place. . . . Beneath the pil-

grims is a large space reaching deep down to the bottom of the galley. . . . This sharp hold is filled with sand right up to the deck-beams, whereon the pilgrims lie; and the pilgrims lift up the deck and bury in the sand the bottles wherein they keep their wine, and eggs and other things which need to be kept cool. . . .

No one is appointed captain of a galley, especially of one which carries pilgrim knights, unless he be noble, powerful, rich, wise and honorable. . . . Moreover he chooses and hires a brave and warlike man, experienced in naval warfare, and appoints him chief of the armament, or, what they call master-at-arms. The captain has likewise a steward, who provides everything connected with victuals, and whom they call the *schalk*. He manages the cellar and kitchen, and sees after the bread and the wine, and the beasts for slaughter, and every day gives orders to the cooks and the cellarer to make such and such arrangements about food and drink; and should food or drink fail, it is no one's fault save his, and he alone bears the blame of it. Wherefore *schalks* are generally hated on board ship. Moreover the captain has another powerful officer, whom they call the *caliph*, who rules the galley and all her parts. . . .

The chief officer of the galley, who does the actual work, is called the *cometa*, and is, as it were,

the mate of the galley. . . . All his subordinates fear him as they would fear the Devil, because he strikes with staves, and punishes whomsoever he will with his fists and with ropes' ends. . . . Under him there is another who is called the *baron*, or boatswain. . . . After these come some men who are called *compani*, that is, comrades, about nine in number, some of whom, however, are superior to others in station, and these are the men who know how to run about the ropes like cats, who ascend the shrouds very swiftly up to the cap. . . . Under these again there are others who are called mariners, who sing when work is going on, because work at sea is very heavy, and is only carried on by a concert between one who sings out orders and the laborers who sing in response. . . .

Lowest of all are the galley-slaves of the first and second class, whom in Latin we call *remiges*, or rowers, who sit on the cross-benches to work at the oars. There are a great many of them, and they all are big men; but their labors are only fit for asses, and they are urged to perform them by shouts, blows, and curses. . . . I shudder to think of the tortures and punishments of those men. . . . As a rule they are Macedonians, and men from Albania, Achaia, Illyria and Sclavonia; and sometimes there are among them Turks and Saracens, who, however, conceal their religion. . . . They are so ac-

customed to their misery that they work feebly and to no purpose unless someone stands over them and beats them like asses and curses them. . . . In general they are thieves, and spare nothing that they find; for which crime they often are most cruelly tortured. When they are not at work they sit and play at cards and dice for gold and silver, with execrable oaths and blasphemies. . . .

There is also another officer of great power in a galley, whom they call the scribe or clerk, who has all the names of the persons on board the galley written down in his books, and takes the names of those who come on board, or who leave the ship in each harbor. He arranges all disputes which arise about berths, and makes men pay their passage money, and has many duties. He is, as a rule, hated by everyone alike. . . .

The mode of life among pilgrims on a galley differs according to their several dispositions. They employ themselves in various occupations that they may pass the time while they are afloat, and unless a man knows how to redeem the time on board of a galley, he will find the hours very long and very tedious. Wherefore some, as soon as they arise from table, go about the galley inquiring where the best wine is sold, and there sit down and spend the whole day over their wine. . . . Some play for money, some of them with a board

and dice, others with the dice alone, some with cards, others with chess-boards, and one may say that the greater number is engaged at this pastime. Some sing songs, or pass their time with lutes, flutes, bagpipes, clavichords, zithers and other musical instruments.

Some discuss worldly matters, some read books, some pray with beads; some sit still and meditate, some shout aloud for lightness of heart. Some laugh, some whistle. Some work with their hands, some sleep out of laziness; some pass almost the whole time asleep in their berths. Others run up the rigging, others jump, others show their strength by lifting heavy weights or doing other feats. Others accompany all these, looking on first at one and then at another. Some sit and look at the sea and the land which they are passing, and write about them and make books of travel, which was my daily employment out of the aforesaid canonical hours, for busy men are not weary of life even on board ship. . . .

When the hour of dinner or supper draws near, four trumpeters rise up, and with their trumpets sound a call to table, on hearing which all those who sit at the captain's table run with the utmost haste to the poop; and they run that they may get a place where they can sit comfortably, for he who comes thither late gets a bad seat. . . . For this

reason noblemen who have their own servants with them always eat near the mast (on deck) , or in their berths (below) , with lights, even at mid-day, since the air is dark there.

Now, always before beginning a meal everyone is served with *malvoisie*, and the food which follows for all the guests is dressed in the Italian fashion. First there is a salad of lettuce with oil, if green herbs can be come by; and at dinner mutton, and a pudding, or a mess of meal, or of bruised wheat or barley, or *panada* and thin cheese. On fast days, when flesh is not eaten, the little fish called *zebilini* are served, salted, with oil and vinegar, or a cake made with eggs, and a pudding. Fresh loaves are served out when the ship is near a harbor, for fresh bread will not keep on board of a galley after the fifth day. When fresh loaves fail, they serve out twice-baked cakes, which they call biscuits, and which are as hard as stones, but straightway become soft if water or wine be poured over them. As much wine is given as one can drink, sometimes good, sometimes thin, but always well mixed and baptized with water. . . .

My lords had their own cook and their own eating-place. . . . Lords and knights always loathe the food provided by the captain, and give the cooks great sums of money to have separate meals of their own food, while they hand over the cap-

tain's food to the poor galley-slaves. The meat provided by the captain is particularly disgusting, because they slaughter those animals which they see cannot live any longer, and diseased sheep. . . .

After supper the pilgrims sit down to talk with one another on the upper deck, near the mainmast, and never go to bed save with lights. When they go below to take their rest there is a tremendous disturbance while they are making their beds: the dust is stirred up, and great quarrels arise between those who are to lie side by side. . . . Fleas and lice swarm there at that time in countless numbers, also mice and rats. . . . Besides this, the running about of the sailors overhead, and the noise of the sea, and many other things, take away a pilgrim's rest . . .

On the first day of June we began our sea voyage. . . . After bidding farewell to everyone in the house, we embarked . . . and sailed out of the harbor of Venice between the two castles which guard the entrance to that port; for our galley lay in the sea about a mile beyond the harbor. . . . When at length we came thither, we went up the steps, and found her full of people. . . .

On the second of June, before sunrise, the captain came with his servants and all his household. . . . The crew began with a loud noise to weigh

up the anchors and take them on board, to hoist the yard aloft with the *accaton* furled upon it, and to hoist up the galley's boats out of the sea; all of which was done with exceeding hard toil and loud shouts, till at last the galley was loosed from her moorings, the sails spread and filled with wind, and with great rejoicing we sailed away from the land. . . . The galley ploughed powerfully through the sea, and we soon left the city of Venice, from whose port we started, far behind. . . .

On the third of June at daybreak there rose a wind which was utterly foul, and we were forced to turn towards the mountains of Istria. By great efforts we escaped from the contrary wind and drew near to the mountains, bringing our ship into the port of Rubina (Rovigno), two miles beyond Parenzo, where was the other captain with his pilgrims. . . . In this harbor the captain did us the favor of refreshing us with dinner, because we came into it at dinner-time, which, nevertheless, he was not bound to do, seeing that we were in a good port, where we might have provided for ourselves. . . .

On the fourth the wind was not fair. . . . That same evening, before sunset, our pilots weighed the anchors, loosed the galley from her moorings, and sailed out of the harbor, although there was no fair wind at sea. . . .

On the fifth, as the same wind lasted, we were carried through the waves into the worst part of that sea, which is called the Cornerus (Quarnero), wherein those who sail are always in danger. . . .

On the sixth the wind was still foul, and we were sorry that we had left the port of Rubina. We again headed the ship towards the mountains, that we might enter some port therein, and there wait for a fair wind. . . .

On the tenth there was no wind save a foul one early in the morning at sunrise, and we despaired of leaving Oneum that day; howbeit, two hours later the wind changed, and they unmoored the galley and worked her out of harbor with the oars. . . . When dinner was over there arose a fair, strong and fortunate wind, which suddenly drove the ship powerfully along her true path over the sea. That she might go faster the sailors hoisted the foresail (*trinketum*) above the maintop, and hung it to the neck of the maintop, above the mainyard. Moreover, they brought out the awning, or covering of the ship, with which sometimes the whole galley is covered from stem to stern to shelter it from the sun and rain, and spread it athwart the galley where the mast stands, under the sheet of the mainsail, reaching from one side to the other, and so caught all the wind from behind that they could to help us on our way. . . .

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On the twelfth we sailed along with a fair wind, far out at sea, away from the land. . . . As the sun set our good wind grew stronger, and we took in some of our sail lest we should run too fast in the dark; and that evening we were all very merry, rejoicing, singing, and flute playing till it grew dark. . . .

On the fifteenth, . . . when the sun rose, the galley-slaves begun to work the galley along with their oars, because the wind was not fair, for the harbor of Metona, from which we were not more than one German mile distant. By great labor we got into it about eight o'clock in the forenoon. . . .

On the sixteenth, before it was fully light, the slaves rowed the galley out of the harbor as far as the corner of the mountain, where we committed her to the wind, and entered the Malean sea, passing by the city of Corona, which stands on a lofty rock. . . .

On the seventeenth we sighted the isle of Crete, Candia, or Centapolis. . . . And there was that day a great deal of secular money-making on board of the galley over different games; for every day deep and sinful gambling went on among the nobles with cards and dice, and one would lose, and another would win, and there was great debauchery, albeit without quarrels. . . .

On the eighteenth, after sunrise, we got a light wind, which slowly moved the ship towards Crete. About noon we saw an armed galley cruising not far from us, and our master-at-arms called it to us in the following fashion: He shot a cannon towards it; on hearing the sound whereof they who steered it straightway turned its prow towards us, and brought it alongside of us with their oars. They then lowered a boat, and the captain and master-at-arms of that galley came on board of ours and talked for some time with our captain and steersmen; for this galley also belonged to St. Mark of Venice, even as ours did. This is a custom at sea, that when two or more galleys sight one another, that one which holds itself to be chief among them calls the other in the aforesaid manner. . . .

On the nineteenth, . . . after we had risen and were hoping to start, we saw the galley-slaves carrying their goods out of the ship into the market-place to offer them for sale. When we saw this we knew that the galley was not going to start, and we straightway landed in the boat and entered the city. . . .

On the twentieth, before it was light, they rowed the galley out of the harbor of Crete with great labor, and we sailed with a light wind towards the isle of Standia. . . .

On the twenty-third, the eve of St. John the Bap-

tist, we sailed before a very strong wind, and during the previous night sailed so fast that in the morning we saw no land, nothing but the Adriatic (Aegean?) and Carpathian Sea. When the sun set and it was growing dark, our sailors prepared to make St. John's fire on the galley, which they did as follows: They took many more than forty lanterns made of wood and transparent horn, and hung them one above the other on a long rope, and then, when the lamps were lighted, they hoisted them up aloft to the maintop, in such sort that the burning lanterns hung down from the maintop as far as the rowing-benches, and lighted up the whole galley. To see this sight all men came on deck from the cabin, the poop, and the innermost chambers of the galley, and stood round about it. Thereupon the trumpeters began to blow their trumpets, and the galley-slaves and other sailors sang, rejoiced, chanted, danced, and clapped their hands. . . . So we rejoiced greatly on board of the galley until about midnight, sailing along all the while swiftly and quietly on our way. . . .

On the twenty-fifth we came over against the most ancient port in Cyprus, which is called Paphos. . . .

On the thirtieth, which is the Commemoration of St. Paul, and the last day of June, we sailed fast and watched with most earnest longing for the joy-

ful sight of that most desirable and glorious land . . . So all day long we used to sit looking over the sea, trying whether we could see anything save water; and sometimes, through the power of imagination, some would fancy that they saw land . . . Thus passed that day and night, and consequently the month of June came to an end. . . .

The month of July, the pilgrim's joy, was the month on whose first day the most venerable of all lands appeared to the pilgrims whose doings are noted in this book. . . . As soon as the watchman in the maintop beheld it, he suddenly burst out into the cry: " My lords pilgrims, rise up and come on deck; behold, the land which you long to see is in sight! " On hearing this shout all hurriedly rushed forth from every corner of the galley, men and women, old and young, sick and well, and climbed aloft that they might behold the land. . . .

On the second of July . . . our steersmen lowered a boat into the sea before sunrise, and the captain sent some of his servants, who were able to manage such business, to row ashore and obtain a safe-conduct. . . .

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XXV

THE FIRST RECORDED PAYING
PASSENGER

XXV

THE FIRST RECORDED PAYING PASSENGER

TIME	— circa 750 B.C.
PASSENGER	— <i>Jonah the Prophet.</i>
VOYAGE	— <i>From Joppa on the coast of Palestine, by way of the Mediterranean to Tarshish, in Southern Spain.</i>
SHIP	— <i>Unnamed.</i>
SOURCE	— <i>The Book of Jonah, Chapters I and II.</i>

The narrative says plainly that Jonah paid his fare, so he probably qualifies as the first paying passenger on record. He apparently never got to Tarshish. The "great wind" that scared the sailors seems to have come up soon after the departure from Joppa, and in consequence the "great fish" that swallowed him must have "vomited" him on the Palestine coast or on the shores of Cyprus or Egypt. He got back to Jerusalem safely, for the third chapter of the Book of Jonah (not reprinted here) describes him as receiving a second command to go to Nineveh, and as actually making the journey. Jonah was a minor prophet who lived in the days of Jeroboam II, King of Israel, and it may be that he actually attempted the journey here recounted. But the Book of Jonah as we know it belongs to a much later date. It cannot have

been written before 300 B.C. It was familiar to all Jews in the days of Jesus, and in one of His encounters with the scribes and Pharisees He referred to it, and likened the Son of Man's "three days and three nights in the heart of the earth" to Jonah's sojourn "in the whale's belly." (Matthew XII, 40).

Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah the son of Amittai, saying,

Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me.

But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord, and he went down to Joppa, and found a ship going to Tarshish — so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord.

But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea, and there was a mighty tempest in the sea, so that the ship was like to be broken.

Then the mariners were afraid, and cried every man unto his god; and they cast forth the wares that were in the ship into the sea, to lighten it of them. But Jonah was gone down into the innermost parts of the ship; and he lay, and was fast asleep.

So the shipmaster came to him, and said unto

him, What meanest thou, O sleeper? arise, call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not.

And they said every one to his fellow, Come, and let us cast lots, that we may know for whose cause this evil is upon us. So they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah.

Then said they unto him, Tell us, we pray thee, for what cause is this evil upon us; what is thine occupation? and whence comest thou? what is thy country? and of what people art thou?

And he said unto them, I am a Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, who hath made the sea and the dry land.

Then were the men exceedingly afraid, and said unto him, Why hast thou done this? For the men knew that he fled from the presence of the Lord, because he had told them.

Then said they unto him, What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm unto us? for the sea wrought and was tempestuous. And he said unto them, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea; so shall the sea be calm unto you, for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you.

Nevertheless the men rowed hard to bring it to the land; but they could not: for the sea wrought, and was tempestuous against them.

Wherefore they cried unto the Lord, and said,

We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life, and lay not upon us innocent blood; for thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleased Thee.

So they took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea; and the sea ceased from her raging.

Then the men feared the Lord exceedingly, and offered a sacrifice unto the Lord, and made vows.

Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.

Then Jonah prayed unto the Lord his God out of the fish's belly. . . .

And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.



The text of this book was set on the Linotype in Baskerville. The punches for this face were cut under the supervision of George W. Jones, an eminent English printer. Linotype Baskerville is a facsimile cutting from type cast from the original matrices of a face designed by John Baskerville. The original face was one of the forerunners of the "modern" group of type faces.

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